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AND

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Military Reflections on Turkey.* By Baron Von Valentini, Major-General in the Prussian Service. 8vo. pp. 102. London, 1828. C. and J. Rivington.

THIS very apposite and well-timed production is translated by a Military Officer from the 3d volume of Baron Von Valentini's Treatise on the Art of War; a work, we believe, of high reputation upon the continent, as the author is a commander of much experience and considerable distinction. Indeed, we are informed by the preface, that "the most striking and interesting feature in the wars of the Turks is the singularity of their movements, their tactics, and general military character; of which a correct conception may be formed from the description given by the baron, whose experience, derived from actual service in Turkey, has enabled him to note down and collect such facts relative to the national character and the peculiar features of the country, as are calculated to supply all the information we can require respecting the Ottomans in a military point of view; and it is upon this experience, and his perfect knowledge of the art of war, that the baron has founded his proposed strategical dispositions for a future invasion and conquest of Turkey." This consideration has induced the translator to omit the details of the last Turkish wars, which would certainly possess little or no attraction for the generality of readers, and which, besides, would have required several illustrative plates, and have thus considerably delayed the publication of the more interesting selection from the original work. Though these pages are addressed more particularly to military men, it is presumed they will be found not devoid of interest in a political point of view. If the author's views be correct, it is evident that the whole of Turkey in Europe, and of a considerable portion of Asia, may become an easy prey to Russia, provided adequate means be brought into the field, and her armies be conducted with energy and skill: but these same views also necessarily indicate both the weak and the strong points of the Turks, and consequently enable us to conclude, in some degree, upon the measures which it might become necessary to adopt for operating a diversion in favour of the latter, should a well-concerted policy of Western Europe require that the Sublime Porte be upheld and maintained, as a barrier against any farther extension towards the south of the already overgrown Russian empire.

With this preliminary, we, who are neither soldiers nor judges of the art of war, must do our best to possess our readers with what appear to us to be the most important points in the general inquiry; and if we fail in conducting our line to the conquest of Constantinople, it is only what many abler leaders have done before us. It is curious, however, in the outset, to remark, that the Prussian writer furnishes, by anticipation, a much more remark-

able comment on the phrase "ancient allies," as applied in our King's speech to Turkey, than is to be discovered in all our late parliamentary disquisitions on those words. "A peace with the Turks (says he) is, in reality, nothing more than a truce concluded for a certain number of years; and however futile this distinction may appear at first sight, it possesses, nevertheless, a deep meaning. The followers of Mahomet are bound, in conformity to the precepts of that prophet and those of Osman, the founder of the Turkish empire, to carry on a continual war with the nations which do not share in their belief. The crescent, a significant emblem, must extend itself over the whole terrestrial globe. All must acknowledge it or submit to it. Hence the Turks have never denied, as Christian conquerors have done, that the possession of towns and provinces, which the fate of war had given them, was only a *point d'appui* for marching with greater security to new conquests; and it is to the religious observation of this national law that we must attribute their aggrandisement—*we must also their decline, so the laxity of principles which took place at a later period.*"

One of the great defences of Constantinople seems hitherto to have been the extraordinary ravages which diseases make on hostile armies in Turkey. "If (observes Baron V.) we are fortunate enough not to be attacked by the plague in the countries of the Lower Danube, we cannot escape other evils. The heat of the climate, the burning aridity of the day, the dew, and the coolness of the nights, besides the privation of wholesome water, the springs failing, and the rivulets almost dried up; all these causes combined produce dysentery, intermittent and putrid fever, and fill the hospitals with crowds of sick, who quickly perish. The losses which the Austrian army, in its last war against the Turks, experienced, through these diseases, are incredible. The Russian troops likewise have always suffered more from this scourge than from the arms of the enemy, but never in the same proportion as the Germans." The difference of their food is assigned as the probable cause of this; and also the difference of clothing,—the Russians being better protected from the effects of climate than the finer-dressed Austrian. It is suggested, that rations of vinegar might be advantageously given to soldiers engaged in a campaign of this kind. For some of the foregoing and other reasons, the Baron goes on to say—

"Russia is the most formidable enemy of the Turks, not only from her actual superiority, but from the opinion generally entertained among that people. In conformity with an ancient prophecy, the Turks consider it as doomed by their immutable destiny, that they will be driven out of Europe by a neighbouring people, whom they believe to be the Russians, and whose sovereign will enter their capital in triumph. The idea of returning, at some future period, to Asia, whence they came, is tolerably familiar to the most enlightened

among them; and they even appear to consider their establishment in Europe as nothing more than an encampment. We may therefore easily conceive that they do not enter the field against Russia with that joyful ardour which is inspired by a presentiment of victory. The great disadvantage of their relative position with Russia appears from the fact, that since the time of Peter the Great, they have never been the aggressors in any war with that power."

After discussing sundry military matters, such as the formation of squares, the use of artillery and cavalry, &c. the Baron observes:—"Since the only superiority which the Turks may still retain over us in the field consists in the use of the sword, it is natural enough that they should always seek out our cavalry, and charge it in preference to our batteries and squares. The cavalry should, therefore, never be left exposed, entirely by itself, to such an attack, but always have its front and flanks protected by the fire from the batteries and squares."

And again—"The use of the sabre is founded partly on the quality of the weapon itself, and partly on their what may be termed national dexterity in handling it. The Turkish sabre, which is wrought out of fine iron wire, in the hand of one of our powerful warriors, would perhaps break to pieces like glass at the first blow. The Turk, on the contrary, who gives rather a cut than a blow, makes it penetrate through helmet, cuirass, &c. and separates in a moment the head or the limbs from the body. Hence we seldom hear of slight wounds in an action of cavalry with Turks. It is a well-known fact in the Russian army, that a colonel, who was in front of his regiment, seeing the Spahis make an unexpected attack upon him, drew his sabre, and was going to command his men to do the same, when, at the first word *draw*, his head was severed from his body. The highly tempered Turkish sabres will fetch a price of from ten to a hundred ducats; even when they are not of fine metal. But, as Scanderbeg said, such a sabre only produces its effect when in the hand of him who knows how to use it. It is related, that at the storming of Ismael, a brave foreigner, who served as a volunteer in the Russian army, and who was most actively engaged in the *mélee*, broke in pieces several Turkish sabres, and constantly armed himself with a fresh one, taken from the Turks who were slain. The substance from which these valuable sabres are wrought is called *taban*, and they are proved to be genuine when they admit of being written upon with a ducat or any other piece of fine gold."

The next subject of interest of which the Baron treats is the Theatre of War, chiefly from the Pruth and Danube to the Dardanelles and sea of Marmora.\* Without entering upon

\* Here we may acknowledge the great assistance in understanding the subject which we have derived from the last No. of Sidney Hall's New Atlas: by means of his Map of Turkey in Europe, we have followed the author in every step—even better than on his own abridged Map and Plan.

the details, we may shortly state, that the streams which fall into the Danube present great obstacles to an invading force; and that the badness of the few roads, and the mountainous nature of the country (both on the route by Nissa and Sophia, and on that by Shumla), between the Danube and Adrianople, also interpose many difficulties in the way of an approach to the capital of the Ottoman Porte. But, on the other hand, the knowledge of the art of war, the supply and management of large armies, the system of advancing without regard to fortresses or places in the rear, which can be controlled by divisions left for that purpose, have made wonderful progress among the European powers; while among the Turks they have either been stationary or have retrograded. "It is evident, (says the author) from a review of the last war between the Porte and Russia, that the Turks of the present day only differ from those we have described in the preceding chapter, in so far as they have retrograded still more than their predecessors; and that much of what we learn of their present contest with the Greek insurgents, and of what a not distant future seems to promise, may be attributed to this degeneracy."

In general, the defence of towns is the only part of the art of war in which the Turks still maintain their ancient national bravery. Their actual luxury in point of arms, will always render an assault one of great bloodshed and danger. Every Turk, when properly armed, carries with him, besides his musket, at least one pair of pistols, a sabre, and a long and somewhat curved dagger or knife, (the inward curve having the sharp edge) called a *kinsehal*, which he uses principally in cutting off heads. This weapon, which is about two feet long, is not unlike the Roman short sword; and at the brilliant era of the Ottomans, it may have been proved not less formidable in the *mêlée* than was the latter, with which the legions subdued the world. Hence it is very evident that, in scaling a rampart, the European soldier, with his musket and fixed bayonet, is placed under great disadvantage against an enemy so well armed both for attack and defence. With regard to the art of fortification among the Turks, little can be said in its praise. They have no idea of a regular system either of bastions or of lines, of outworks and covered ways, nor of conforming the height of the works to the nature of the ground in front. In other respects: "As a proof of their utter ignorance of the art of war, we need only advert to their sending cavalry where infantry alone can be of service; for instance, into a wood in their front, as the grand vizier did at Shumla, where they even fired upon it with their pistols. Their infantry is only an accessory, and serves to receive their cavalry upon its falling back, after having made a charge. At Shumla, the janissaries would certainly not have moved out of the camp, if the thickness of the bushes, among which it was quite impossible that cavalry could act, had not rendered their doing so a matter of necessity. What is said by an experienced officer, who was for a long time employed against the Turks, of their attacks, and of the composition of their army, seems to be well founded: 'Foremost in the fight come the brave and the infuriated, who, without any reflection, rush upon the enemy; then follow the prudent, who first see how the affair is likely to turn out; and lastly, the rabble, who do nothing but plunder the dead, and cut off heads after a victory—but who, in case of a defeat, are the first to take flight.' \* \* The manner in which the

Turks carry on their operations, in conformity with their cautious system, is as follows: they select upon the road, along which they wish to advance, an advantageous post, and entrench themselves; then they call in reinforcements, and wait to be attacked. If they are not attacked, they advance again, after a lapse of time, to another favourable post, which they never fail to entrench, even though they should only occupy it for one night. But they remain for days, and even weeks, in deliberation whether to advance further. If, however, time is allowed them, they are sure to approach so near, and place themselves in such a manner, as to offer considerable annoyance; and we are finally compelled to attack them in their own entrenchments."

Having now, by condensation and juxtaposition, placed the able author's principal general views of Turkish warfare before the public, we are sure we shall be excused from entering upon a task for which we confess our unfitness,—that of offering any opinion upon his proposed strategical operations for the invasion and conquest of Turkey. Suffice it to state, that he considers Shumla (about 227 miles from the capital, on the ordinary road taken by couriers and travellers to Constantinople,) to be the gate of the Balkan mountains, and the Thermopylae of the Turks. Here the vizier has always fixed his camp, and beyond it the Russians have never penetrated. "Should a Russian army (he continues, after describing the road between Shumla and Adrianople,) design to carry on, with vigour, a war of invasion into the heart of the Ottoman empire, there is no doubt that it would choose this road as its line of operations. It is obvious, however, that it would be previously necessary to beat, or turn by manœuvring, the Turkish army, which we must always expect to find posted at Shumla. The Russian general, Kaminsky, failed in both attempts in the campaign of 1810. The latter, however, would certainly be attended with much greater chance of success, if, while the main army menaced the Turks in front, and took advantage of every favourable opportunity for attack or annoyance, another corps were to cross the Danube at Nicopoli or Rutchuk, and march, by Tirnova, directly upon Adrianople. Upon this road across the Balkan, which, though actually existing, is very rarely used, all that the army would have to encounter would be natural obstacles, which, with the assistance of some hundreds of pioneers attached, the advanced guard might be easily overcome." For many reasons, "the spring (April, for there is no pasturage before), and the commencement of summer, are the most convenient time for a vigorous campaign in this country."

Having got to Adrianople, a strong division of reserve must be there maintained—"to organise the country in rear of the army, and to occupy with detachments the towns of Philippopolis, Lofscha, Sophia, &c. either by force of arms or pacific negotiations; in both of which the most valuable assistance might be expected from the numerous Greek population in these places, and from the co-operation of the Servians." And, adds our apparently competent authority, "with regard to the force necessary to be employed in a similar invasion, I am of opinion that less importance is to be attached to the numerical strength of the army destined to enter the campaign, than to the keeping it constantly in a complete state. The maximum of fifty thousand men in open field of battle, fixed by Montecuculi, as already mentioned, ought to suffice at the present day, the

more especially as the Turks no longer bring such large armies into the field as they used to do; and the modern organisation of European troops, of which a well-instructed infantry constitutes the principal force, renders the contrast still more favourable for the Christians. In order that the principal army may, upon the day of battle, have its 50,000 men assembled at one point, we must add to this number 30,000 more, for the detached corps upon the coast and the reserve division, which makes altogether 80,000 men. The corps operating upon Adrianople ought to amount to 30,000 men, besides a division as an advanced guard, and another as a reserve; altogether about 60,000 men; whence the total force to be employed in crossing the Balkan would be 140,000 men. In order, however, to secure the rear, and to observe, and gradually capture, those places on the Danube of which the Turks may still be in possession, 60,000 men more will be required, which, as soon as these places are taken, will follow as an army of reserve,—and firmly establish, and even restore, should it at any time be lost, the communication with the main army operating in front. With these 200,000 men, whose number must be recompleted before the end of the campaign, there can be no doubt that an active general, superior to the prejudices of former times, will accomplish the conquest of Turkey in Europe, if not in the first, certainly in the second campaign."

"The road which leads directly to the heart of the empire is always the shortest and the best; whence the one to Constantinople ought to be preferred to a more circuitous one, even though the latter should seem to lead with a greater degree of certainty to the conquest of the Ottomans. At the same time, the idea naturally presents itself, that previously to the attack upon Constantinople, a landing should be effected in Asia Minor;—a measure strictly conformable to military principles, since it would prevent the escape of the grand seignor into that country with his treasures, which ought to serve as an indemnity for the expenses of the war." When, therefore, the army advances upon the capital by Adrianople, the flotilla, which has co-operated in a parallel direction along the coast, will pass over to the Asiatic side, and disembark troops wherever it may be found practicable; and the first occupation of these will be to secure the landing-place by suitable entrenchments. A sufficient number of ships of war, equipped in the ports of the Black Sea, must of course make good the entrance into the Bosphorus, and protect the landing. Though the defence of the coasts is represented as being badly organised by the Turks, still the outlet from the Black Sea is said to be the best defended. But the most recent descriptions only mention the two old castles, Rumili-Hissar and Anadolu-Hissar, constructed under Mahomet II., the one upon the European, and the other upon the Asiatic coast. These castles could not inflict much injury upon the ships of war, and might easily be silenced by the superior fire of the latter; and all the coast-batteries would soon be turned by the troops, after a sufficient number had been landed."

"But a most important object will be to

\* "Although well-informed travellers assert that the extent of these treasures is a mere fable, still the well-attested extraordinary wealth of the greater part of the pashas and other satraps of the Turkish empire, leads us to conclude, with good reason, that the riches of the sultan must be in a far greater proportion. He is the heir to all these grandees, who are only to consider the property they actually possess as a loan during life."

take possession of Scutari, a large and magnificent suburb, if it may be so called, of Constantinople, situated on the Asiatic coast, immediately opposite the Seraglio: built in the form of an amphitheatre, surrounded by heights, the approach to which is open, running out into a narrow point, completely commanded the moment it is invested, unprovided with walls, and, from its vast extent, not easily encompassed with a solid rampart, it would present an easy conquest, notwithstanding its 70,000 inhabitants, of whom the greater part are true believers. The Russian flag would soon be seen waving over the towers or the ruins of Scutari, and Constantinople would tremble."

Constantinople itself is considered as incapable of formidable resistance. We need not follow the author farther. He speaks of a military colonisation of Asia Minor; of taking possession of Smyrna as the base of ulterior operations; and, finally, of driving the Turks to their original native country—the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris.

What may be contemplated by all or any of the Powers of Europe, it is not for us to guess; but we presume that the idea of a war to this extent has hardly, as yet, been entertained. It is, nevertheless, important at this moment to look at such plans as Baron Von Valentini proposes, and to such results as he argues upon as possible and probable: and we have only done our duty in reporting them as intelligible as we could, for the consideration of the British nation;—at all events, there is much information to be gathered from the work itself.

*Daniel O'Rourke; or, Rhymes of a Pantomime, founded on that Story.* By T. Crofton Croker, Esq. 1828. Ainsworth.

THE story of *Daniel O'Rourke* we have ever looked upon as an admirable one for a pantomime. It has every capability; and, properly produced, would, we doubt not, exceed in attraction that most popular of these exhibitions, *Mother Goose*. During our Christmas visits to the great theatres, on the appearance of harlequin and his motley associates, we always feel inclined to ask, with Mr. D'Israeli, "Why is this burlesque race here privileged to cost so much, to do so little, and to repeat that little so often?" The following is, we believe, a correct estimate of the expenses of "getting up" the Christmas pantomimes this year:—

Covent Garden	1000
Drury Lane	1000
Surrey	500
Adelphi	200
Olympic	150
Sadler's Wells	100
West London	100
	£3080

And yet what does this enormous sum annually produce?—The same tricks and the same jokes—flat, stale, and unprofitable. To our mind, Daniel O'Rourke, roaring and rioting in his rich and racy Irish humour, is a superb character for pantomime. His adventures are wild and wonderful in the extreme:—now soaring on eagle back—now parleying with "the Man of the Moon himself"—now having a little familiar gossip with a flock of geese;—in short, his whole journey to and from the moon is quite sufficient to form a most whimsical introduction, without additional embellishment.

The Moon, too, has ever been a truly fertile subject for pantomimic fancies. Indeed, we remember an excellent pantomime founded on the nursery legend which concludes with—

"The Man in the Moon  
Came down too soon  
To ask his way to Norwich."

On the peculiar merits of this composition we cannot at present dwell; but a song in it, which seems to have suggested to Lord Byron the idea of one of his most admired Hebrew Melodies, struck us as not being contemptible:—

"The Moon-man came down like a cheesemonger bold,  
And his red gills were glowing with purple and gold,  
And the warts on his nose were such warts as might be  
When the blue-rain roll'd down his throat like a sea.

Like the leaves of a cabbage, a cabbage that's red!—  
and so on—for we unfortunately forgot the rest.

The pantomime of which we have now the poetry—or as Mr. Croker modestly calls it, "the rhymes"—before us, was, a year or two since, execrably performed at the Adelphi, and met with but indifferent success—a conclusion which might have been easily predicted. That was evidently not the house for experiments of this kind; but let them be tried at either of the great theatres, and we shall see reputation in the result. But we must return from these speculations to the pleasant little work before us, which has been reprinted uniformly with the *Irish Fairy Legends*.

Mr. Croker prefaces his work with an agreeable history of the story of Daniel O'Rourke, which, however, is not satisfactory to us. We doubt if any legend could in so short a space of time as half a century, become so widely diffused as that of Daniel O'Rourke. Mr. Croker, previous to his account of its origin, offers the following remarks:—

"That a very intimate acquaintance with both the literature and music of Italy was cultivated from the beginning to nearly the close of the last century in Ireland, is sufficiently proved by the *Memoirs of Lord Charlemont*, the works of Mr. Walker, &c.; and it may not be saying too much to add, that the Italian language was at that period more familiarly known, and, consequently, the works of Italian writers were more the subject of ordinary conversation, among a certain circle in Dublin, than they ever have been among any corresponding circle in London. When this is kept in mind, Daniel O'Rourke, who on his eagle sits—

"—as stiff  
As Sir Astolpho on his Hippogriff,"

may appear to be only a free and jocular Irish parody on Ariosto. My friend, Mr. Prior, in the second edition of his *Life of Burke*, has attributed—I know not on what authority—the invention of Daniel O'Rourke to a Mr. Doyle, a surgeon, who moved in the very pleasant and intellectual society of Dublin some seventy years since. Whether he was the author or not, can now only be matter for conjecture; but there is a traditional story of his introduction to Quin, who had expressed a wish to see a specimen of an Irish peasant, which supports Mr. Prior's assertion. Doyle, dressed in the proper costume of the character which he had assumed, was brought in to a merry party, where Quin, in the full tide of humour, reigned paramount, according to his custom. The mock rustic acted his part with becoming awkwardness; but banded jest for jest with "the huge leviathan." "You're a droll fellow, my man," at last said Quin—"you remind me of a story I once heard;" and Quin told it accordingly, to the delight of the company. "Well then," said Doyle, "your honour reminds me of another, and—" How the connexion was brought about, is not related; but Doyle told the story of Daniel O'Rourke, which was received with shouts of laughter; and it is needless to say the deception was not carried on much longer."

The pantomime opens with some pretty fairy verses. The scene is a waterfall, across which is seen a rainbow. Puck invokes "fair Lady Foam-bell" from her "spray shower" dwelling; and then informs her ladyship, that their queen has determined to hold a court of moon-light revelry at Glendalough, whose

"Rain'd walls and round tower gray  
Shall wonder at beings so bright and gay."

Foam-bell, in reply, hints that the spot has been incautiously chosen; and informs Puck, that her fairy companion, Rose-dee, had observed a tipsy party in the valley, one of whom—

"A drunken dog,  
By far the drunkenest fellow in the parish,"

went staggering towards the spot appointed for their meeting. This drunken dog proves to be no other than Daniel O'Rourke.

Puck answers the fears of Lady Foam-bell with—

"Poh! never mind, he'll flounder in the marsh;  
Thence, whole and bog-dried, he, my jolly fairies,  
Will be fish'd up, this time some hundred years,  
To set your musty chemists by the ears,  
And puzzle all your humdrum antiquaries!  
That piece of whisky-steeped earth  
Shall not, I warrant, mar our mirth!"

Dan, in the next scene, makes his appearance in a state of glorious civilization.

"Enter Daniel O'Rourke, with bottle in his hand, singing.

Alc—The Last Rose of Summer.

'Tis the last sup of whisky  
Left here all alone!  
All the rest of the bottle  
Is cleaned out and gone—(pours out).  
I'll not leave thee, thou lone drop!  
'Twould be mighty unkind,  
Since the rest I have swallow'd,  
To leave thee behind—(drinks).

Dan. By all that's bad, I'm thinking  
That I've been drinking  
For all the ground  
Is turning round,  
And every star is winking!

And then what's this?—I thought that I most truly  
Knew every inch of sod round Ballyhooley;  
But now I find that—as an unlucky dog  
I've lost myself in this unruly bog.

And cannot jog  
A single step—but stick just like a log.  
O Hulla—Hulla-gone!  
Bad luck to you, above all bogs that ever yet were  
known!  
But grief's no good—I'll sit upon this stone.

(Sings) Good liquor—good liquor  
Makes the heart to beat quicker,  
And the blood to flow thicker,  
Good liquor, good liquor,

From black jack of leather,  
Cow-horn, cup, or mether,  
Let good men drink together.  
Their liquor, their liquor.

Though foot and tongue falter,  
Poh! why should I palter?  
For all shrinkers a halter!

No liquor, no liquor!  
They who leave it behind 'em,  
A rope's end may find 'em;  
So I'll drink, and not mind 'em,  
My liquor, my liquor.

(Sings) And lifts the bottle to his lips.)  
My bottle's out—the times are rather odd,  
The moon is melting, and the mountains nod!—  
(Sings himself to sleep.)

The fairies now appear, and commence an indignant search for the wretch who has polluted their mystic circle. Dan is discovered, and is only saved from the torments which are debated, by the friendship of a jolly and congenial sprite, Master Cluricaune, who manifests his good-fellowship by undertaking to lead Dan a dance which he will long remember, and

"will make  
Such an impression upon his brain,"  
that he will never wander more within the hallowed precincts of a fairy ring. To this proposition the queen assents—

"Do as you will,  
We trip to the hill,  
Where the moon is bright, and the winds are still;



Where our feast is spread  
On the mushroom's head,  
And the heather is soft, and springs to our tread."  
The fairies and their queen vanish, and Cluricaine becomes

"Beaked, wattled, spurred,  
A goodly bird,  
An Eagle, as you see—the fowl of Jupiter."

The scene which follows is too rich not to be given entire.

(The Eagle puts his claw upon Dan, who still remains asleep.)

"Wake! wake! I come to wake you!  
Dan, (in sleep) Judy, 'tis mighty could.

The devil take you—

Where has the quilt and blanket rolled?

Eagle. Daniel O'Rourke!

Dan. (rousing) Oh, fire and thunder!

Eagle. Daniel O'Rourke!

Dan. (sitting up) Oh wonder! wonder!

Eagle. Daniel O'Rourke! This is our call the third!

Answer—or, by our sacred royal word,

We'll make you feel the ire of Jove's great bird!

Dan. Why, please your glory, this is the first minute

I heard a bird talk like a Christian man!

And sure, the deuce is in it,

If 'twould not bother wiser heads than Dan.

Eagle. What brings you here?

Dan. Why, by my word, I think

It was the drink. (Scratching his head.)

Eagle. Although your conduct's very base,

Yet I must pity still your case;

For, see, the stone on which you sit begins to sink.

(Stone sinks a little.)

Dan. Oh, turf, 'tis true—oh dear! oh dear!

DUST. Air.—The Young May Moon.

Eagle. The harvest moon is beaming, Dan;

'Tis time to give over dreaming, Dan;

Jump on my back—and I'm off in a crack,

As fast as a steamboat, steaming, Dan.

Dan. I thank you, sir; but I never heard

Of riding a horseback upon a bird;

Yet, oh home, hullo, game!—this sinking stone

Is a mighty bad seat, upon my word!

Eagle. My honest Dan, your wisest plan

Is just to let me fly you home.

Dan. Good Mister Eagle, you do inveigle

Myself upon your back to roam!

(Dan gets on Eagle's back—Eagle begins to fly.)

They arrive at the moon, beguiling their journey through "cloud-land," as Coleridge calls it, with some amusing conversation. And here the Eagle, in rather an authoritative tone, insists upon Dan's dismounting. Dan remonstrates, but in vain; and the Eagle soars away with a monstrous laugh, "after advising him to call out the Old Man in the Moon."

"Dan. Oh murder! murder! murder! what a place—  
Devil a drop drink, or food to eat is!  
I heard 'twas made of cheese—that's not the case.

(Looks down)

Oh, such a height! not bigger than potatoes

Is cows, and men, and pigs, and other Christians,

All walking underneath me in the distance!

Well, will I rap?—I need not care a curse

Whatever happens—sure it can't be worse!

(raps)

(Enter Man in the Moon, opening a door in the Moon.)

DUST. Air.—Paddy O'Rafferty.

M. of M.

What is the cause of this knocking and rapping here?  
That is a thing that but seldom doth happen here.

Oh, Mister Daniel O'Rourke, my man, is it you?

What brings you here?

Dan.

Why, your honour, to visit you!

M. of M.

Oh, you thief, you rogue, you rapparee!

I'm as glad just to see you as Padden O'Rafferty.

Dan.

Sure, then, I knew you'd not scorn a poor wanderer,  
Brought by an eagle up from the earth under here!

M. of M.

Give us your hand, for the world is a flatterer,

If the Man in the Moon's not a jolly old tatterer!

Dan.

Oh, you thief, you rogue, you rapparee,

'Tis myself is first cousin to Padden O'Rafferty!

(Exit Dan and Man in the Moon by the door in the Moon.)

And now we come to a jewel of a scene—to the interior of the moon "itself!" But it is quite unfair to extend our extracts, as the book "itself" only consists of thirty pages.

Mr. Crofton Croker and Mr. Brooke seem to have become possessed of the magic key to Oberon's Palace, where it is evident they are

frequent visitors. We are glad to see them go hand in hand; and we have come to this conclusion, that nobody ought to write about fairies but the one, and nobody depict them but the other.

The copper etching which illustrates Daniel O'Rourke in his pantomimic form, although the plate is rather overbit, is, on the whole, first-rate, and exhibits a union of Brooke's best points—the fanciful and the humorous. There we have the hero asleep on a stone in the bog—innumerable elves disturbing his slumbers, in every fantastic shape and form—some pinching him, others liberating his shoe from the mud, others engaged in the examination of his bottle; while Cluricaine, on one side, a jolly imp, seated on a barrel, holds converse with the sylph-like and lightsome fairy queen, surrounded by her graceful attendants.

Good readers, buy *Daniel O'Rourke*, and bind it up with your copy of the *Irish Fairy Legends*.

*Journal of a Residence and Tour in Mexico in the Year 1826: with some Account of the Mines in that Country.* By Captain G. F. Lyon, R.N. F.R.S. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. J. Murray.

WE have a long string of praises to bestow upon this publication; for we like its form, we like its price,\* we like its temper, we like its intelligence, we like its style, and, in short, we like it entirely. It is a lively and pleasant picture of a very interesting country, by a traveller whose powers of entertainment are inexhaustible; and, like Captain Andrews's narrative of a similar mission, it throws much light upon a subject of considerable commercial importance to Great Britain. Yet the author tells us, with the modesty which belongs to genuine merit—"the following Journal pretends to nothing more than an account of my personal adventures during a residence of eight months in various parts of that country. Although it does not contain matter of much importance, it is a faithful narrative of what I saw; and I trust it will be found to give a fair representation of the state of the republic, and to add in some degree to the very small stock of information which exists respecting the people and general appearance of that portion of the New World. I have farther to regret, that my materials, already too scanty, were rendered more so by the loss of many papers, and the greater part of my collections, in the wreck of the Panthea, in which I returned to England."

We have no doubt but that this loss was severely felt by Captain Lyon, and that the unlucky destruction of his stores of antiquities, natural history, and other valuable objects, is a public misfortune: but we will say that the readers of the present narrative will not miss any thing; nor would the most sharp-sighted discover by its deficiencies that the author had met with so severe and trying an accident.

We will, in setting out, briefly trace his course; for the temptation to extract is so strong, that we shall hardly be able to return to the route when once we begin to lose our-

\* Mr. Murray appears, of late, to have struck out a new course, and we will venture to predict that he will find it a profitable one. He is still, no doubt, under the necessity of completing high-priced quartos, which are to match with or complete preceding publications; but he does not seem inclined to go into the system of book-making at cost which is certainly injurious to the real interests of literature, and even of the Trade. This book (which would have made a decent three-guinea worth), Malcolm's *Persia*, Lord Byron's *Poems* in four volumes at 18s., and Captain Parry's three preceding *Voyages* in five small volumes, are a sign of this, and also of the publisher's sense and discrimination.

selves in these episodes. Captain L. arrived at Tampico; thence ascended the River Panuco, to the village of that name, and Tanjoco; he returned by the River St. Juan to Tampico. His next journey was over-land to San Luis Potosi; from San Luis to the village of Veta Grande de Zacatecas, where one set of the mines is situated; next to the city of Zacatecas and to Bolaños, where are the principal mines belonging to the English Company of the Real del Monte and Bolaños,\* with descriptions of which, and the surrounding district and natives, the first volume terminates. The second volume has the travels from Bolaños to Guadaluza, through a very unsettled territory; and thence all across the country by Valladolid, the Ozmatalan and Tlalpuhaxua mines, Tonca and Lerma, to Mexico. Leaving Mexico, he visited the Real del Monte; and proceeding to San Juan de Ulua, re embarked, and left New Spain for Old England.

This extensive, and, in many places, little-trodden route furnished to the observant eye and far-travelled mind of Captain Lyon (familiar alike with the interior of Africa and the Arctic Circle) an abundant harvest of useful and curious materials; and we (though willing to render as ample an account as we can of his performance) can give but an imperfect idea of their variety and value. We shall, however, do as much as our limits allow; and that without further preface.

Having anchored in the River Panuco, the captain of the vessel (the *Perseverance*) and Captain Lyon gained the good graces of the captain of the fort and the custom-house officer, by presents of wine, cakes, and cigars, to their families and themselves, and were permitted to ascend in a boat to the town of Pueblo Viejo, where the commandant resided.

"Night (says the writer) soon closed on us, and we rowed for above two hours against a strong current, up a stream of half a mile in width. The sound of our oars aroused the large cranes, herons, egrets, and innumerable other birds, from their rest, and they fluttered in blind confusion across the surface of the stream; while myriads of fire-flies were flitting amongst the dark mangroves, which dipped their closely woven branches in the water. Tree-frogs and crickets, which abound here, almost deafened us with their shrill, thrilling notes; and, to add to the delightful novelty of my first evening in America, we were hailed in our own language from an invisible boat, by a gentleman who, suspecting us to be strangers, offered to pilot us to the town. We soon reached the house of Mr. Robertson, the American consul, to whom we were consigned, and met with a most kind reception. Seeing that we were tired, hungry, and wet with the heavy night-dew, he obligingly supplied all our wants, and provided us with beds in his office;—but sleep was quite out of the question. Dogs, pigs, and restless cocks, which began crowing at midnight, would in themselves have been sufficient to banish rest from a stranger; but at about 1 A.M. of the 11th, a storm of rain, thunder, and lightning, set in with great fury, and in a few minutes actual rivers were rushing through the town."

What a change to our countrymen from the shores of England! The scenery near is not less striking and picturesque.

"A party of us (says Captain L. soon after)

\* Of these Mining Companies Captain L. was appointed one of the Commissioners, and went out with a large party of the artificers intended to work them, in January 1830.



visited some islands in the centre of Tampico Lake, at about seven miles' distance from Pueblo Viejo. On rounding the first small woody islet, we glided from the effects of a fresh 'norte' or norther, which was blowing, into a smooth sheltered pool thickly overhung with mangrove and other trees, on which were sitting hundreds of cranes, egrets, rose-coloured spoonbills, brown and blue herons, and various other birds, all as thickly crowded as the tenants of our English rookeries. In shooting our specimens, we alarmed two very large alligators, which could not reach the lake but by walking along an extensive sand-bank; and we were thus enabled to observe them in their clumsy progress, which can very rarely be the case, as they are usually found lying so close to the water's edge, that they reach it by one spring. From the small island, on which we procured many hateful of eggs, we proceeded to another, on the north side of which were innumerable nests of cranes and the roseate spoonbill, each containing two or three nearly fledged young ones. The mangroves are so closely woven together at this place, that there is little difficulty in climbing amongst them, and even walking on their tops. We consequently scrambled about to admire the pink clusters of little spoonbills and the pure white down of the young cranes, all as large as barn-door fowls, and offering the most beautiful contrast imaginable to the deep shining green of the leaves amongst which they were sheltered. Having completed our collection, we returned home, and I carried with me a couple of young spoonbills, which soon grew so tame as to come at my call and follow me wherever I chose: but these beautiful creatures died when put on ship-board for a passage to England."

But before we go on with these picturesque descriptions, we have to notice the reception met with by our countrymen. At Pueblo, "the commandant (we quote Captain L's naïve remarks) obligingly assured me that 'every thing he had was at my disposal; if the alcalde begged me 'to believe that he was my servant'; and the chief of the customs having 'kissed my hand, and entreated that I would lay my commands on him,' then proceeded to throw some impediments in my way. Mr. Robertson very kindly hired a windowless room for me in one of the most respectable houses in the place, the mistress of which was better known by the name of the Gachupina (a term of reproach applied to European Spaniards) than by her proper appellation of Doña Francesca. This lady, who had the reputation of being rich and cleanly, was quite distressed at not having time to whiten my room; but two Indian girls were instantly set to work to wash the earthen floor and make me comfortable. My landlady was all politeness, and I clearly saw that she entertained no mean opinion of her own good breeding and address. She was generally allowed to be one of the most respectable ladies of Tampico; and although a certain Don Antonio, who assisted in taking care of her shop and her fair self, was by no means her husband, she piqued herself on her irreproachable character, and the high estimation in which she was held on account of her wealth. Her age might have been about forty-five; her person was fat; and when in her morning costume, which consisted of a shift tied round the waist with a string, and with a cigar in her mouth, her whole figure was particularly attractive. This charming person and I formed an interesting picture every morning at about six o'clock, as she stood

leaning over a little wicket which kept the pigs, dogs, cats, and poultry, from coming out of the yard into my room. While we cosily smoked the cigars with which she favoured me, I drew in lessons of Spanish, by conversing with her, and listening to constantly repeated assurances that she was an 'old Spaniard' and a woman of sense, although, in common with nearly all the native ladies of the place, she did not possess the accomplishments of reading and writing."

"At the new town of Las Tamaulipas (about three miles to the northward of Pueblo Viejo, and in a different state), I experienced great difficulties with the custom-house officers, who would do nothing towards clearing the vessel. Their only working hours at any time were from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M., after which period no entreaties could induce them to move. Even in the very small portion of the day set apart for business, if a cock-fight was to be held, if gambling engaged them, or if they were lazy, duty was very quietly deferred until the morrow, when in all probability the same excuse would be again offered; and as in this land of liberty and equality, scolding these people would only make them worse, patience is the best policy, and is one of the greatest blessings which a traveller in the republic of Mexico can possess."

Having sent to the Real del Monte his charge, of whom he seems to have been tolerably tired\* (having, perhaps, more of the Captain R.N. than of the Agent Mining Co. in his sensible composition), our unburdened author proceeded up the river to Tampico and Tajuco, &c., as we have before stated. At the former, he visited a gambling-table, where Francesca, his landlady,—a person of such respectability, that she walked to it in great state, with the author and a friend on each side, and, "preceded by her three servant-maids, one of whom was in her Indian dress, and had charge of the cigars for her mistress,"—was soon in full play, "having elbowed some ragged women off the only bench in the place." Here, "fine ladies with mock jewels, and women of all shades and colours, with every variety of men, crowded thickly round their favourite game; and my landlady having succeeded in getting the balls into her own hands, became entirely occupied in throwing them with such gestures or turns of the arm as in her opinion would insure success. Before leaving the Plaza, where Francesca remained playing until nearly daylight, I made my way through the crowd to take a last peep at her; and saw a fellow to whom I had paid a real in the morning for sweeping before my door, and who was almost in rags, standing opposite my fair friend, acting as banker to the table, at which I suppose he had been successful. He had squeezed a real into his ear 'para Fortuna,' and ventured his dollars at every turn with the most perfect *sang froid*. The apparent indifference to losses, and apathy when successful, is very remarkable with all classes of Mexicans: but they gamble so incessantly, that I should conceive all excitement in this dangerous passion must be deadened, and that the love of play at last becomes a disorder rather than an amusement. I have frequently seen a couple of poor porters, who had not a farthing of money, sit gravely down in the dust

"\* Only those (he tells us, feelingly enough,) who have been shut up for two months with a set of mechanics who imagine themselves too good lawyers to be controlled, can at all enter into my feelings on this occasion. Indeed, when it is considered, how different is the confinement on board a vessel and the want of occupation, from their usual habits of life, it is to be expected that the charge of superintendence of these people is attended with much trouble."

with a greasy pack of cards, and anxiously stake their respective stocks of paper cigars, until one or the other became bankrupt."

But, indeed, in many other respects the Mexicans are a remarkable and blinded people. Farther up the country, we have the following details on various points which illustrate their manners, feelings, and state of ignorance in respect to the most important circumstances which occupy mankind. Of their medical, religious, and legal qualifications, three short extracts will speak volumes: we must confess they seem to be equally astute with these three learned professions."

1. At San Luis Potosi, a physician "was called to the assistance of a poor labourer with a ruptured blood-vessel. Ice was the only remedy known to stop the flow of blood, and none could be obtained until a priest should be sent for to confess the sufferer before he died. What then was to be done?—it was but too certain that the man would soon expire, unless means were found to arrest the effusion. The physician therefore had no resource but to sew up the poor wretch's mouth and nostrils; but even before the host could be sent for, the miserable creature was, very naturally, suffocated."

2. In the church of San Francisco, in the same enlightened place—"on the walls were hung a series of pictures descriptive of the life and actions of San Francisco. The saint is hungry, and our Saviour is seen sitting at table with and helping him to the viands, while an angel brings him water to quench his thirst. He is represented, after his death, as sitting on the left hand of the Almighty, who is pictured as an aged man, having on his right the Redeemer and the Virgin Mary. Some of the supposed miracles and conferences with the Divinity are beyond all description blasphemous; and the friars informed me,—at the same time triumphantly pointing to a painting of the event,—that the saint had procured from God's own mouth the entire pardon of the sins of the world, as fully as was granted to Christ himself; but that the Pope of the age in which San Francisco lived, would not confirm the grant, and that mankind in consequence had been left in their blindness and sin!"

Our legal example must be from Zacatecas.

3. "Business obliged me to ride to the city on this day, to demand justice against a defaulter to the Company; and when the offender had confessed himself a rogue, and bound himself to pay over the large sum of which he had robbed us,—the judge, thief, plaintiff, and master of the house where the affair was canvassed, with some friends of the parties, sat down very quietly and sociably to dinner together!"

Here, for the present, we must conclude; but we shall with great pleasure return to our analysis of this most agreeable publication.

\* Here Capt. L. lost his faithful servant Marriot; and the event affords another illustration of Mexican character: the narrative is touching. "In closing the eyes of poor Marriot I lost an invaluable servant and friend, who had followed my good and ill fortunes for six successive years. He had been with me in the brightest as well as the most gloomy days of my existence; and the services on which we had been engaged together equally attached the master and the servant. In this land of bigotry the poor fellow would have been denied a grave, had I not, when he was dead, sent for a priest, who, however, on arriving, turned unfeelingly to me, exclaiming, 'Ugh! he has died without confession—his soul is lost, and it will be needless for me to see him.' Yet my having called in a priest was sufficient declaration that the deceased was a Catholic; and by the kind assistance of Mr. Dall, I found no difficulty in having him interred in the Campo Santo with the ceremonies of the Catholic church. On Sunday evening (June 4), Mr. Dall and two other American gentlemen joined our little procession, carrying candles; and I saw my poor departed servant buried with proper decency."

*One Hundred Fables, Original and Selected.*  
By James Northcote, R.A., &c. &c. Embellished with Two Hundred and Eighty Engravings on Wood. 12mo. pp. 272. London, 1828. G. Lawford.

ALTHOUGH, from their invention by Æsop, or rather by Hesiod, fables have been, at all times and in all countries, a favourite mode of communicating instruction to the young, we confess that we have frequently had our doubts with regard to their beneficial tendency in that respect. The very fiction on which they are founded,—the ascribing to beasts, and birds, and reptiles, not merely human speech, but human passions and human reason,—is calculated to confound and mislead the infant mind; incapable as it must be of distinguishing between what is required in narratives of fact, and what is permitted in creations of fancy. Add to this, that the moral of a fable is not always sound; and that the morals of different fables are frequently contradictory.—In the case of “children of a larger growth,” however, these objections (at least some of them) are not equally applicable; and a brief and forcible apologue may frequently convey a lesson more effectively than any grave and elaborate didactic composition; and with a much better chance of being remembered.

Mr. Northcote observes, that his chief inducement in making the present collection was the amusement and employment it afforded him, in the way of his profession as a painter, in sketching designs for each fable.—Many of these designs are highly ingenious, and possess great merit. They are engraved on wood by some of our best artists in that line; and are, generally speaking, executed with much skill. If, occasionally, there may appear in them a little want of clearness, a little adhesion of one part to another, it is most likely that these deficiencies are attributable to the impracticability, even with the utmost care and attention, of giving to the impressions from blocks when printed in the page with type, the same beauty which they exhibit when printed by themselves.—The ornamental letter at the beginning, and the vignette at the end of every fable, are the invention of Mr. William Harvey, whom Mr. Northcote justly calls “one of the most distinguished artists in his profession.” Most of them are admirable; and the adaptation of the vignettes to the respective fables which precede them, is in many instances singularly happy. Mr. Harvey also, it seems, made the drawings on the wood, from Mr. Northcote’s designs, for the prints at the head of every fable.

Of the Fables themselves, some are derived from foreign sources; but the greater number are of Mr. Northcote’s own invention. Mr. Northcote evinces in them considerable sagacity and discrimination; although sometimes, perhaps, the view which he takes of human nature may be liable to the imputation of being rather cynical. The following extracts will shew that his diction is generally perspicuous and unaffected; though we must except the beginning of the fable of the Lion and the Ape, which is the very reverse.

“*The Hunted Fox.*—An active young fox, who was exceedingly notorious for his depredations on the poultry in his neighbourhood, was once discovered in the fact, and so closely pursued by the enraged peasants, whose property he had invaded, that he did not escape without several severe blows and wounds, of which he made grievous complaint and great outcry when he arrived among his companions, declaring, at the same time, that he neither knew nor could

imagine who they were that had thus cruelly assaulted him. A grave old fox who heard him, replied, that as he declared he could not conceive who they were who had so roughly treated him, he must of necessity be liable to one of those two odious accusations, either of which would be sufficient to exclude him from being an object of pity: that of having offended so many as to be confounded by the number of his enemies, or that of forgetting those to whom he had done injuries worthy of resentment.—*Application.* We too often meet with men who very much resemble the fox in this fable, who, from a violent partiality to themselves and their own interests, can with great facility gloss over their meanest actions, which are soon dismissed from their memories, leaving no more impression than if they had been written on the surface of the water; whilst, on the contrary, the slightest injuries done them, fix in their minds like inscriptions written with a pen of iron on a rock. But our actions in our own view are like the last syllables of words, which every man makes rhyme to what he thinks fit.”

“*The vain Glow-Worm.*—A certain glow-worm had long been the object of admiration amongst his humble acquaintance, the insects of the hedge where he made a figure; and every night would condescend to illumine them with the splendour of his light, and in return received the homage of his reptile court with a most gracious air of affected condescension. On one occasion a small-waisted flatterer obtruded himself on his notice, by observing, ‘that his humility was wonderful, and advised him by all means to make himself more public, and to shine in a more exalted circle, that the great world might become the witnesses of such attractions!’ ‘No, no,’ replied the grovelling-spirited glow-worm, ‘that is not to my taste; for, between ourselves, my great delight is to be in company where I can preside, and be regarded as a wonder—no matter though it be from their inferiority or ignorance. Whereas, if I associate with those of higher endowments, I shall feel my pride mortified, and appear, even to myself, to be no better than a poor worm.’—*Application.* There are certain dispositions of the mind that incline men to a base and vulgar ambition, a desire of shining at any rate; and therefore they seek out for such companions only, as are confessedly their inferiors, where no improvement can be gained, where flattery and admiration are received by them with pleasure, although offered by the meanest of mortals; and preferred before the counsel of the wise, or the admonition of the good. But such egotists must ever remain in all their errors. Instruction gives them pain, because it lessens their self-importance; nor can they bear the shock of feeling themselves surpassed, and from that mean motive shun such opportunities as might render them fit for the highest society; for he who would become a master, must first submit to the humble station of a pupil. None are so empty as those who are full of themselves.”

“*The Lion and the Ape.*—An old lion had long been despotic sovereign of the forest, and of course accustomed to the abject homage of every inferior animal in it, as is common in courts, each trying to out-do his companions in servility;—when a pert malicious ape, who wished to give his powerful master some pain, and yet escape his rage, as he well knew it was as much as his life was worth to offend him openly, therefore sought how he might artfully mortify him under the mask of friendship, but keep out of the scrape himself, and at the same time insidiously cause the ruin of his competi-

tors for court favour. With this intent he lost no opportunity of obtaining private conferences with the lion, and on all occasions was busy to inform him of what, he said, he had heard against his character and disposition, from those whom the lion had taken to be his best friends—saying, the fox had accused him of tyranny—the horse had complained he was blood-thirsty—the bull that he was selfish and cruel—and the stag, that he knew not what mercy was. At length the lion, no longer able to suffer this artful and malignant harangue, furiously replied: ‘Thinkest thou, base and pitiful traitor, thus to abuse me to my face, in attributing all those crimes to me; and that thou canst escape my vengeance by saying they are the remarks of my good and faithful subjects? No, foolish animal, take thy death for thy officious pains, and thus become of some use to others by the terror of thy example.’ So saying, he instantly crushed him to pieces.—*Application.* There are some artful gossips, who take a malicious delight in tormenting their intimates, by relating every idle rumour which they have heard against them; and, under a pretence of pure friendship, accompanied with the pride of offering good advice, conclude they shall escape the odium of giving pain, which they deserve to incur; but the triumphs of those petty tyrants, notwithstanding all their art, turn out at last to their own hurt; for their visits are soon found to forbode our vexation, and at length we shun them as we shun disease. Those who blow the coals of others’ strife, may chance to have the sparks fly in their own face.”

“*The Congregation of Pious Animals.*—Once upon a time it is said that an extraordinary fit of piety influenced the animal creation to offer up their grateful acknowledgments to Jupiter for the various gifts and endowments he had bestowed upon them; and when assembled, some of the most forward of them, with much seeming humility and thankfulness, professed the deepest sense of the peculiar happy talents and dispositions with which they vainly thought they were blessed. The peacock returned thanks for the exquisite sweetness of his voice—the hog for his love of cleanliness—the viper for his harmless disposition—the cuckoo for the pleasing variety of his musical notes—and the goose for the gracefulness of her carriage; and so on. Jupiter accepted this commendable act of duty, in return for real blessings that they undoubtedly did enjoy; but at the same time informed them, that their being so very particular as to specify those endowments was quite unnecessary, as the particular gifts which each of them had to boast of, were best known to himself, who gave them.—*Application.* It frequently happens, that nature, in her freaks, makes men so perverse, as to pride themselves highly in thinking they possess those talents (in) which every one else can see they are deficient. Even in our acts of piety, we ought to be well aware of vanity and self-opinion, and not arrogantly imagine that we have greater claims to Heaven’s promised favour than many of our neighbours, notwithstanding the appearance of things to our own partial and flattering perception.”

#### Bishop Heber’s Journal. (Second Notices.)

It is not our wont, amidst the multiplicity of publications on subjects which continually rise up and claim our attention, to drug our readers even with the best things. But, do what we may, we can only indicate, certainly neither illustrate nor discuss, the great beauties of



these volumes. Were we in ill humour with ourselves or the world, we think a half hour of Bishop Heber's page would reconcile us to either. There is a suavity, a kindness, a fine human sympathy, in every syllable he breathes, which elevates our species; and instead of having our bosoms filled with such painful and loathing emotions as the writings of a Hunt or a Hazlitt excite, we derive from such publications as this, and Lord Collingwood's *Memoirs*, a pleasure of the purest kind. We must continue our extracts.

The Bishop met in his course the Rajpoot Rajah of Bupaira. "He was splendidly dressed, with a very glittering turban, a shield slung on his back, and a remarkably elegant sword and dagger in his sash. His horse was led by two grooms tolerably well clothed; the attire of his silver-stick and standard bearers, and other servants, was not in very good repair, and his own cane was carried by a naked boy of about fourteen. He was an elderly man, and had lost many of his teeth, which made it very difficult for me to understand him. This does not seem a usual infirmity in India; but the rajah's red eyes and eager emaciated countenance sufficiently proved him to be an opium-eater. \* \* \* It is, fortunately, the custom in this part of the world for persons of very high rank to converse only through the medium of a confidential servant; and I gladly made use of this etiquette, using the *dak jemadar*, whose Hindoostanee I understood pretty well, as the channel of communication with the muttering old rajpoot. The effect, however, of this procedure was abundantly ludicrous. 'Tell the Rajah Sahib that I am happy to meet him, and hope he is in good health,' thus rendered: 'The Lord Sahib desires that he is happy to see your worship, and hopes you are in good health.' 'Tell the Lord Sahib that I am in very good health, thanks to his arrival and provision, and that I hope he is well,' rendered, 'The Rajah Sahib makes representation that he is very well, thanks to Huzzoor's arrival,' &c. In this way we talked on various subjects in our way to the bungalow."

A new mode of fishing is soon after described:—"The fish were the inhabitants of a large pool close to the castle hill, which appeared, in the rains, to cover about eighty acres, being then supplied from the Bunass river. It usually retained its water all the year, but this cruel season had already brought it very low, and in a month more they calculated that it would be quite dry. Accordingly, all hands were now at work to catch the fish while they were yet alive; and people from the whole country round about had assembled either for this purpose, or to purchase them, a very large 'rooce' being to be had for a single pice. Captain Gerard, an engineer officer who met me here, went to see the chase, and said it was very curious. The fish were pursued in the shallow muddy water with sticks, spears, and hands, in all directions; but there was little execution done, till four Bheels, in the service of the Oodeypoor government made their appearance. The rabble were then driven away; and these savages, with their bows and arrows, made in a few hours that havoc among the fish, which produced such plenty in the camp,—singling out the largest, and striking them with as much certainty as if they had been sheep in a fold. \* \* \* Their bows were of split bamboos, very simply made, but strong and elastic, more so, I think, than those of buffalo-horn, which are generally used in Hindoostan. They were about four feet six inches

long, and formed like those of Europe. The arrows were also of bamboo, with an iron head coarsely made, and a long single barb. Those intended for striking fish had this head so contrived as to slip off from the shaft when the fish was struck, but to remain connected with it by a long line, on the principle of the harpoon. The shaft, in consequence, remained as a float on the water, and not only contributed to weary out the animal, but shewed his pursuer which way he fled, and thus enabled him to seize it."

At Bheelwara the Bishop met Captain Gerard, and gives a characteristic sketch of that gentleman.

"Captain Gerard I found, under a very modest exterior, a man of great science and information; he was one of the persons most concerned in the measurement and exploring of the Himalaya mountains, had been in Ladak, and repeatedly beyond the Chinese frontier, though repelled each time, after penetrating a few miles, by the Tartar cavalry. He had himself ascended to the height of 19,600 feet, or 400 higher than Humboldt had ever climbed amid the Andes; and the latter part of his ascent, for about two miles, was on an inclined plane of 42, a nearer approach to the perpendicular than Humboldt conceived it possible to climb for any distance together. Nothing, he said, could exceed the care with which Major Hodgson, Mr. Fraser, and himself, had ascertained the altitude of the hills."

Of the native princes in central India, the Rajah of Oodeypoor is a remarkable specimen.

"He has a large extent of territory, and, in ordinary years, a singularly fertile one, were these people to cultivate it. But he was quite ruined and beggared by Bapoo Sindia and Jumsheed Khan. Half his revenues at least are mortgaged to shroffs and money-lenders, and his people are pitifully racked in order to pay the exorbitant interest of his debts. It has been the misfortune of his family to have been the oldest and purest in India; to be descended in a right line from the Sun without any debasing mixture, having resisted all attempts of the emperors of Delhi to effect an intermarriage of the houses, and reckoning, I believe, in their pedigree, one or two Avatars of the Deity. In consequence, they have been generally half mad with pride, perpetually marrying among themselves, fond of show and magnificence beyond their means or the usual custom of Hindoo sovereigns, and very remarkably deficient in knowledge and intelligence. The present Rajah adds to all these advantages a great fondness for opium."

The following notices an interesting fact in an interesting manner:—

"In our way back through the town, a man begged of me, saying that he was blind. On my calling him, however, he came forwards so readily to the torches, and saw, I thought, so clearly, that I asked him what he meant by telling me such a lie. He answered that he was night-blind ('rat unda'), and I, not understanding the phrase, and having been a good deal worried during the day with beggars, for the whole fort is a swarm of nothing else, said, peevishly, 'darkness is the time for sleep, not for seeing.' The people laughed as at a good thing; but I was much mortified afterwards to find that it was an unfeeling retort. The disease of night-blindness, that is, of requiring the full light of day to see, is very common. Dr. Smith said, among the lower classes in India; and to some professions of men, such as soldiers, very inconvenient. The sepoys ascribe it to bad and insufficient food; and it is said to be always most prevalent in a scarcity. It

seems to be the same disorder of the eyes with which people are afflicted who live on damaged or inferior rice, in itself a food of very little nourishment, and probably arises from a weakness of the digestive powers. I was grieved to think I had insulted a man who might be in distress."

Soon after, the traveller encounters some drunkards, and relates:—

"I had seen very few drunken men in India before, but the time of 'Hoolie' is now coming on, which is the Hindoo carnival, and in which the people of central India more particularly indulge in all kinds of riot and festivity. The sepoys of my guard have begun to assail the women whom they pass on their march with singing and indecent language,—a thing seldom practised at other times. This is also the season for pelting each other with red powder, as we have seen practised in Calcutta."

In his progress, the Bishop saw something of the people called Bheels, now in a very low estate, though unquestionably the possessors of the country before the Rajpoots. He tells us:

"On our first approaching the Bheel villages, a man ran from the nearest hut to the top of a hill, and gave a shrill shout or scream, which we heard repeated from the furthest hamlet in sight, and again from two others which we could not see. I asked the meaning of this, and my suwarra assured me that these were their signals to give the alarm of our coming, our numbers, and that we had horse with us. By this means they knew at once whether it was advisable to attack us, to fly, or to remain quiet,—while if there were any of them of their number who had particular reasons for avoiding an interview with the troops and magistrates of the lowlands, they had thus fair warning given them to keep out of the way. This sounds like a description of Rob Roy's country; but these poor Bheels are far less formidable enemies than the old Macgregors. In the afternoon we walked up to one of the nearest hills, where were some huts of this unfortunate nation. They were all shut up; and an old man who came to meet us, said that they were empty. He himself, and a young man, who was, he said, his nephew, remained alone in the place: all the rest were with their cattle in the jungle. Dr. Smith, who has an excellent ear, and knows Hindoostanee well, was able to converse with these people more readily than any of our party, and said that it was chiefly in accent and tone that their language differed from the dialect usually spoken in Malwah. They speak in a drawing sort of recitative, which Dr. Smith imitated, and found them catch his meaning much better than they otherwise could. The old man said that they had suffered much from want of rain, that their crops had been very scanty, that there was little pasture left for their cattle; and, what was worst of all, they expected the pools of the neighbouring nullah to dry up before the end of the hot weather. When that happened, he said, with much resignation, 'they must go down to Doongpurpoor, or some other place where there was water, and do as well as they could.' Both the men were evidently in fear, and even trembled; they shewed an anxiety that we should not go near their huts, and were unwilling to trust themselves with us as far as our tents, though they perfectly understood my promise that they should have something to eat. I pressed the young man to shoot one of his arrows at a mark, but he had only two with him, and he looked at us all round as if he feared we wanted to make



him part with his means of defence. I succeeded, however, in re-assuring him; he shot at, and hit a tree about 100 yards off; and on my praising his skill, let fly his other arrow, which went straight enough, but struck the ground near the root. He held his bow and arrow in the English manner, differently from the Hindoostanees, who place the arrow on what we should call the wrong side, and draw the string with the thumb: his arrows were not ill-made, but his bow was what a 'British bowman' would call a very slight one. The applause which he received, and the security which he now felt, made him familiar. He sat on the ground, to shew us the manner in which his countrymen shoot from amid the long grass, holding the bow with their feet, and volunteered aiming at different objects, till I told him there was no need of more trials."

We conclude, for the present, with a curious accident.

"From Kaliugera is about seven miles more of jungle to Tambresra, a village near which our tents were pitched under the shade of some fine trees, and near a cistern which still contained a little water. The situation was very beautiful, but made less agreeable than it might have been by an unlucky accident. Our little flock of sheep and goats were resting after their march under a spreading tree, when a monkey, who had come down to steal the shepherd's breakfast, and was driven back by him, in his hurried flight among the branches stumbled on a bee's nest which hung suspended in the air, and not only got himself well stung, but brought out the whole swarm in fury against the poor unoffending animals beneath. Most of them were severely stung, and bleated pitifully; but it was curious to observe the different conduct between the sheep and the goats. The former crowded all together, burying their noses in the sand, but with no apparent notion of flight or resistance, the latter ran off as fast as they could for shelter among our tents, pressing in for security as so many dogs would have done. They brought, however, such a swarm of their pursuers adhering to their coats and following them close, that their coming was very little to be desired, and we were forced to refuse them the hospitality which they would otherwise have received. Indeed, as it was, my tent was filled for a short time with bees; and several of the people were stung. We had good reason, however, to be thankful that they were the sheep and goats which were attacked, and not the horses; had the latter been the case, the consequence might have been very serious. From what I saw on this occasion, I do not think the sting of the common Indian bee so severe as that of the European."

Among the various qualities of this amiable and highly gifted person, was that of being an accomplished artist. These volumes are illustrated by a number of beautiful prints, chiefly from drawings by the Bishop, although the subjects of a few of them have been contributed by Mrs. Heber, who appears to have been closely assimilated to her excellent husband in character and taste. Mr. Finden has evidently exerted all his talents on the occasion: "The Ghat between Calcutta and Burrackpoor," "the View in the Deccan," "Janghera," "Umeer," "the Entrance to the Cave of Elephanta," and others, are admirable specimens of the art.

*Narrative of an Attempt to Reach the North Pole, in Boats fitted for the purpose, and attached to H. M. S. Hecla, in the Year 1827. Under the Command of Capt. W. E. Parry, R.N. F.R.S., &c. Illustrated by Plates and Charts, and published by Authority of H. R. H. the Lord High Admiral. 4to. pp. 229. London, 1828. J. Murray.*

THOUGH it is extremely gratifying to read the details of this gallant adventure, from the pen of its brave and enterprising commander, we have such good cause to be satisfied with the accounts of it which have, from time to time, appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, that in truth we can exhibit little of novelty to our readers after the perusal of this volume. By referring to pages 185, 233, 507, 649, 665, 747, and 844 of our Journal for 1827, it will be found that all the leading events of this Expedition, from the hour of its sailing to the day of its return, have been accurately and amply described, from such sources of intelligence as we will venture to say no other periodical publication ever possessed. Having indulged our vanity by this boast, it would be a waste of our much-wanted room to repeat any of the statements contained in these papers—in which the dates of the ship's sailing and arriving,—the dates of the boats' leaving, of their progress northward and coming back; the particulars of a fresh-water lake on the ice, of a phenomenon of six fog-bows, of the southward drift of the ice, of the distance travelled, of the uncommon fall of rain, of the survey of Waygat's Strait, and even of the seals and bears killed and cooked, have all been faithfully recorded. It must, however, be pleasant to readers to see how finely and how modestly Captain Parry tells his own tale; and we select a passage well adapted for that purpose.

"Our plan of travelling (he says, speaking of the journey over the ice after leaving the Hecla) being nearly the same throughout this excursion, after we first entered upon the ice, I may at once give some account of our usual mode of proceeding. It was my intention to travel wholly at night and to rest by day, there being, of course, constant daylight in these regions during the summer season. The advantages of this plan, which was occasionally deranged by circumstances, consisted, first, in our avoiding the intense and oppressive glare from the snow during the time of the sun's greatest altitude, so as to prevent, in some degree, the painful inflammation in the eyes called 'snow-blindness,' which is common in all snowy countries. We also thus enjoyed greater warmth during the hours of rest, and had a better chance of drying our clothes; besides which, no small advantage was derived from the snow being harder at night for travelling. The only disadvantage of this plan was, that the fogs were somewhat more frequent and more thick by night than by day, though even in this respect there was less difference than might have been supposed; the temperature during the twenty-four hours undergoing but little variation. This travelling by night, and sleeping by day, so completely inverted the natural order of things, that it was difficult to persuade ourselves of the reality. Even the officers and myself, who were all furnished with pocket-chronometers, could not always bear in mind at what part of the twenty-four hours we had arrived; and there were several of the men who declared, and I believe truly, that they never knew night from day during the whole excursion. When we rose in the evening, we commenced our day

by prayers, after which we took off our fur sleeping-dresses, and put on those for travelling; the former being made of camblet, lined with racoon-skin, and the latter of strong blue box-cloth. We made a point of always putting on the same stockings and boots for travelling in, whether they had dried during the day or not; and I believe it was only in five or six instances, at the most, that they were not either still wet or hard-frozen. This, indeed, was of no consequence, beyond the discomfort of first putting them on in this state, as they were sure to be thoroughly wet in a quarter of an hour after commencing our journey; while, on the other hand, it was of vital importance to keep dry things for sleeping in. Being 'rigged' for travelling, we breakfasted upon warm cocoa and biscuit, and after stowing the things in the boats and on the sledges, so as to secure them as much as possible from wet, we set off on our day's journey, and usually travelled from five to five and a half hours, then stopped an hour to dine, and again travelled four, five, or even six hours, according to circumstances. After this we halted for the night, as we called it, though it was usually early in the morning, selecting the largest surface of ice we happened to be near for hauling the boats on, in order to avoid the danger of its breaking up by coming in contact with other masses, and also to prevent drift as much as possible. The boats were placed close alongside each other, with their sterns to the wind, the snow or wet cleared out of them, and the sails, supported by the bamboo masts and three paddles, placed over them as awnings, an entrance being left at the bow. Every man then immediately put on dry stockings and fur boots, after which we set about the necessary repairs of boats, sledges, or clothes; and, after serving the provisions for the succeeding day, we went to supper. Most of the officers and men then smoked their pipes, which served to dry the boats and awnings very much, and usually raised the temperature of our lodgings 10 or 15 deg. This part of the twenty-four hours was often a time, and the only one, of real enjoyment to us; the men told their stories, and 'fought all their battles o'er again,' and the labours of the day, unsuccessful as they too often were, were forgotten. A regular watch was set during our resting-time, to look out for bears or for the ice breaking up round us, as well as to attend to the drying of the clothes, each man alternately taking this duty for one hour. We then concluded our day with prayers, and having put on our fur dresses, lay down to sleep, with a degree of comfort which perhaps few persons would imagine possible under such circumstances: our chief inconvenience being, that we were somewhat pinched for room, and therefore obliged to stow rather closer than was quite agreeable. The temperature, while we slept, was usually from 36 to 45 deg., according to the state of the external atmosphere; but on one or two occasions, in calm and warm weather, it rose as high as 60 to 66 deg., obliging us to throw off a part of our fur dress. After we had slept seven hours, the man appointed to boil the cocoa roused us, when it was ready, by the sound of a bugle, when we commenced our day in the manner before described. Our allowance of provisions for each man per day was as follows:—

Biscuit	10 ounces.
Pemmican	9 do.
Sweetened Cocoa Powder	1 do. to make one pint.
Rum	1 gill.
Tobacco	3 ounces per week.

Our fuel consisted entirely of spirits of wine, of which two pints formed our daily allow-

ance, the cocon being cooked in an iron boiler over a shallow iron lamp with seven wicks,—a simple apparatus which answered our purpose remarkably well. We usually found one pint of the spirits of wine sufficient for preparing our breakfast; that is, for heating twenty-eight pints of water, though it always commenced from the temperature of 32 deg. If the weather was calm and fair, this quantity of fuel brought it to the boiling point in about an hour and a quarter; but more generally the wicks began to go out before it had reached 200 deg. This, however, made a very comfortable meal to persons situated as we were. Such, with very little variation, was our regular routine during the whole of this excursion."

Again, speaking of one day: "the fog dispersing before noon, we had another clear and fine day, but, as usual, paid dear for this comfort by the increased softness of the snow and the oppressive glare reflected from it. Setting out at half past seven in the evening, we found the sun more distressing to the eyes than we had ever yet had it, bidding defiance to our crape veils and wire-gauze eye-shades; but a more effectual screen was afforded by the sun becoming clouded about nine, P.M. Our way still lay over small loose masses, to which we were now so accustomed as scarcely to expect any other; for it was evident enough that we were not improving in this respect as we advanced northwards. At half-past nine we came to a very difficult crossing among the loose ice, which, however, we were encouraged to attempt by seeing a floe of some magnitude beyond it. We had to convey the sledges and provisions one way, and to haul the boats over by another. One of the masses over which the boats came began to roll about while one of them was upon it, giving us reason to apprehend its upsetting, which must have been attended with some very serious consequence; fortunately, however, it retained its equilibrium long enough to allow us to get the boat past in safety, not without several of the men falling overboard in consequence of the long jumps we had to make, and the edges breaking with their weight."

These quotations speak the character of the volume, where the most persevering and noble conduct, under the severest privations, is depicted throughout with the same simplicity. The following, respecting red snow, is new to us:—

August 2d.—"In the course of this day's journey we met with a quantity of snow, tinged, to the depth of several inches, with some red colouring matter, of which a portion was preserved in a bottle for future examination. This circumstance recalled to our recollection our having frequently before, in the course of this journey, remarked that the loaded sledges, in passing over hard snow, left upon it a light rose-coloured tint, which at the time we attributed to the colouring matter being pressed out of the birch of which they were made. To-day, however, we observed that the runners of the boats, and even our own footsteps, exhibited the same appearance; and on watching it more narrowly afterwards, we found the same effect to be produced, in a greater or less degree, by heavy pressure on almost all the ice over which we passed, though a magnifying-glass could detect nothing to give it this tinge. The colour of the red snow which we bottled, and which only occurred in two or three spots, appeared somewhat different from this, being rather of a salmon than a rose colour; but both were so striking as to be the subject of constant remark."

But though, from the nature of this Expedition, it was meagre of striking incident, the chart and appendix of scientific tables render it a valuable accession to our stock of knowledge. It was, indeed, necessary in order to complete the subject of these remarkable voyages, in which the efforts of England and Englishmen have been such as became the high naval station of the country and the high intellectual character of the people.

The plates illustrative of the work have been exquisitely engraved by Finden, and are very curious and interesting. The powerful contrast which in high latitudes always exists between the deep gloom of the sky, and the dazzling splendour of the land and ice, is admirably expressed. Of this, "the Boats hauled up for the night," affords a striking example. "The Boats off Walden Island in a snow-storm," besides being inimitably executed, is a most fearful exhibition of one of the perils to which our brave and persevering countrymen were exposed in the course of their adventurous enterprise.

#### SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*Proceedings of the Expedition to Explore the Northern Coast of Africa, from Tripoli eastward, in 1821 and 2; comprehending an Account of the Greater Syrtis and Cyrenaica, and of the Ancient Cities composing the Pentapolis.* By Captain F. W. Beechey, R.N. F.R.S., and H. W. Beechey, Esq. F.S.A. 4to. pp. 620. London, J. Murray. This sterling volume has at last issued from the press, and fulfils all the expectations we entertained of it, from some acquaintance with its progress. At page 405 of our last year's *Literary Gazette* will be found an interesting extract on the subject of the Gardens of the Hesperides, which is a fair specimen of the work; and we regret that we cannot this week go further into its contents. Suffice it to observe, that it is replete with intelligence of the highest literary cast; and that its classical inquiries, its scientific illustrations, and its fine-arts' embellishments, are all equally to the honour of its authors.

*The Merchant's Wedding; or, London Frolics in 1638, &c.* By J. R. Planché. Pp. 79. London, 1828. J. Cumberland.

This comedy, extremely well arranged inasmuch as relates to its ancient parts, and extremely well written inasmuch as relates to its modern additions, has just been published, with a dedication, by permission, to the Lord High Admiral. Its success at Covent Garden renders it unnecessary for us to say more in its praise as a drama; the patronage under which it appears says enough for its propriety and merit; and we have only to say, that it is as neatly got up in the printer's as in the theatrical phrase.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CAPTAIN FRANKLIN.—We are informed that Captain Franklin will make another journey to the northern coast of America, in order to complete his survey, by traversing the space left between him and Captain Beechey, as described in the *Literary Gazette* of last year (see No. 547, *et seq.*).

#### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

ON Friday evening in last week, Mr. Faraday delivered one of the most popular lectures which we ever heard, on Phonics. His illustrations of the resonance of sound were full of interest; and some very remarkable facts were demon-

strated by experiments at once new, delightful, and extraordinary. We trust to be enabled to render a detailed account of this Lecture, which was appropriately concluded by a performance on the Jew's-harp by Mr. Eilenstein, of whose wonderful power over this simple, but with him exquisite and comprehensive instrument, we have frequently spoken in the *Literary Gazette*.

#### ASTRONOMY.

*New, Lost, and Variable Stars.*—Notwithstanding the attention of the mind of man has been in all ages ardently bending its intellectual powers in researches amidst the celestial regions, and of late years aided by the exquisite instruments which have enlarged the sphere of the fixed stars beyond all that could be conceived, it must be admitted that, notwithstanding these vast acquisitions, we are but on the very threshold of the science of astronomy; and the conviction is pressed home to the mind, that ere its flight be unfettered, and capable of expatiating through the vast range of the universe, the spirit must be released from its present enthrallment, and arrayed in the vestments of immortality.

What is it we contemplate when we fix our eyes on the brightest of the starry train? a glittering point, concerning which, we only know that the body which sends forth such a stream of radiance is inconceivably too remote to borrow its lustre from the sun of our system, or from any other sun; for, of necessity, such a glorious orb, if existing, would be visible: we believe the star we thus behold, to be itself a sun,—the fount of light, the soul and centre of revolving worlds; we know that, as far as human ingenuity has contrived instruments, the distance of this shining body is beyond computation; though such is the minuteness of modern instrumental graduation, that angles, formerly considered to be insensible, are now measured with the greatest accuracy. Where calculation fails, imagination takes up the wondrous consideration, and in vain attempts to date the period when this bright orb first shone forth in pristine beauty; and as we are ignorant of its origin, we are equally so of the period when the hand that moulded the orb shall return it to its original nothingness. When we survey the glorious host, "stars densely thronging still," we cannot suppose them merely twinkling lights to garnish the blue vault of heaven—to afford speculation to the philosopher—to excite the admiration, and add to the delight of man. Returning from the vast survey, we must confess that all these glittering gems, which are displayed in the celestial arches, are enshrined in mysterious obscurity: we see, admire, and speculate; but the soul falls prostrate in attempting to unravel these material wonders, which are as inexplicable as infinite space or eternal duration. We judge there are new creations, pure and beautiful, from the sudden appearance of new stars; unless we may suppose that their light, after having traversed space myriads of years, has just reached our earth: we may conclude from the disappearance of others, that the awful mandate has been issued forth, and brilliant systems have been blotted from the ample page of the universe.

Among some which have been recently seen in the heavens, and are called *New Stars*, are those in the following constellations:—Lacerta, Perseus, Boötes, Hydra, Monoceros, Cepheus, &c.; and of those which have been termed *Lost Stars*, are three in Hercules, and others in Cancer, Perseus, Pisces, Orion, and Coma

**Berenices.** A very remarkable star appeared in the year 1604, near the right foot of Serpentarius; it surpassed Jupiter in magnitude, and its brilliancy exceeded that of every other star: when near the horizon it shone with a white light; but in every other situation it assumed alternately the varying colours of the rainbow. It gradually diminished in splendour till about October 1605, when it disappeared, and has not been seen since.

There is also another class of stars in the heavens which afford considerable speculation to the philosopher. These are the *Variable Stars*, which having attained a certain maximum of brilliancy, by degrees suffer a diminution of it, in some instances so as to vanish entirely, and re-appear, increasing to their former splendour; and this variation occupying a limited portion of time. Many have been the hypotheses to account for this periodical change: the solar spots sanction the idea that these stars are suns, having very large spots on their orbs, which, by their rotation, are alternately turned from and towards our system. Others have considered the phenomenon sufficiently explained, by supposing large planets circulating round the stars, which, when in conjunction, intercept the light. Another opinion is, that their exceedingly swift rotation generates a very oblate spheroid; and consequently when the plane which passes through the axis of the spheroid is turned towards our earth, the light appears at its minimum; and when its equatorial diameter is similarly positioned, its maximum of brightness occurs. This shifting of the planes is accounted for from the action of immense planetary masses, whose orbits are considerably inclined. We have something analogous to this in the nutation of the earth's axis, which is caused by the inclination of the moon's orbit, and the obliquity of the ecliptic. The number of stars ascertained to be so, thirty-seven: the most remarkable of the former are—

	Variable Magnitude.	Period of Variation.
Algol in Perseus.....	2d to 4th	2 20 40 50
$\beta$ Lyra.....	3 to 4.5	6 9 0 0
$\alpha$ Antinol.....	3 to 4.5	7 4 15 0
A star in Sobieski's shield	5 to 7.8	62 days.

$\delta$  Cephei is subject to a periodic variation of 5 days, 8 hrs. 37 min. 30 sec. in the following order:—It continues at its greatest brightness about 1 day, 13 hrs.; it gradually declines in 1 day, 18 hrs.; is at its greatest obscuration about 1 day, 12 hrs.; and increases in 13 hrs.: its maximum and minimum of brightness is that between the third and fourth, and between the fourth and fifth magnitudes.

In the years 1783, 1784, 1785, Pollux in Gemini was observed to be considerably brighter than Castor; in Flamstead's time, the reverse was the case, he making Castor of the first, and Pollux of the second magnitude.

On these mysterious points (the appearance and disappearance of some stars, and the gradual decrease and augmentation of light in others) it is highly probable, that not only the present age, but future generations, will continue to remain in obscurity: every particular connected with the fixed stars so nearly approaches to infinity, that nothing short of Infinite Wisdom can direct the intellectual powers in the development of its subtilities.

Depford.

J. T. B.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, Feb. 16.—In a convocation, holden on Thursday last, the thanks of the University were voted to the Right Hon. Charles Watkin Williams Wynn, for the

liberal mark of his attention in offering a Writership (belonging to his patronage in the Hon. East India Company's Service) as a prize for competition among the Junior Members of the University; and at the same time it was agreed that his offer of the Writership be accepted.

The same day the following degrees were conferred:—*Master of Arts*.—Rev. F. A. Sterky, Student of Christ Church.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—W. Reade, Grand Compounder, H. D. Serrall, P. Moore, Queen's College; G. Ross, Lincoln College; W. M. Leir, Wadham College; J. Whalley, Brasenose College; H. D. Wickham, Exeter College.

#### FINE ARTS.

**ROYAL ACADEMY.**—We record with pleasure that W. Etty, Esq. has been elected a Royal Academician in the room of the late Mr. Flaxman. His efforts in the highest branches of art seem to us to have entitled him peculiarly to become the successor of that distinguished genius.

#### BRITISH GALLERY.

No. 479. *Smugglers Alarmed.* H. P. Parker.—Artists, as well as writers, have their favourite topics; and although those subjects may not always fall in with the taste of the public, or of that part of the public likely to become purchasers of pictures or books, they may still serve to shew how far, and in what way, the talents employed on them might be more profitably directed. The materials, whether principal or accessory, which belong to such subjects as that which Mr. Parker has here chosen, are always highly picturesque, partaking in their character and circumstances of the bold and the romantic. In the performance under our notice we consider the artist as having very successfully attained his object; and as having given to his work, both in conception and in execution, a high degree of interest.

No. 411. *Holy Family.* James Bethell.—This picture belongs to a high class of art; and the artist has displayed his talents to great advantage in the several qualities of composition, colouring, and execution.

No. 364. *Titian in his Study.* R. T. Bone.—This is a variety in the style of this able artist's pencil, combining in its chiaroscuro much of the character of Rembrandt, and in the tone of its colouring much of the character of Titian. No. 89. *Les Adieux*; No. 90. *Relaxation*; and No. 93. *The Meeting*; are painted with Mr. R. T. Bone's usual gaiety and taste. They are gems in their way, although we think they would be improved by a little more finish.

No. 388. *View on the River Tamar, at Enleigh, in the Grounds of his Grace the Duke of Bedford.* F. C. Lewis.—The lovers of solitude and of solitary scenes will look with calm and complacent delight on this interesting view; for its loneliness is not the loneliness of the desert—the spectator is not here “out of humanity's reach;”—mingled with the grandeur of rocks and the intricacies of foliage, is the freshness of cultivation. The deep tone and transparency of the still water, and the introduction of the heron and other water-fowl, are in excellent keeping with the scene.

No. 188. *Balfour of Barley in the Hayloft, hearing Claverhouse's Cavalry in pursuit of him.* Andrew Morton.—The interest excited by the well-drawn scenes and characters in the Waverley Novels, has called forth many an effort on the part of our artists to embody those scenes and characters on the canvass; a task of no ordinary difficulty, requiring, as it does, an individuality of expression which the living model alone can furnish. Mr. Morton

has been very successful. The bold but wary covenant, listening to the sound of impending danger, is well imagined. It is not the listening of fear—scarcely that of apprehension; but it is the listening of a man who, however desirous of eluding his foe, has, nevertheless, made up his mind to meet whatever peril may present itself. The listening in No. 405. *Captain Dalgetty listening to the Sermon in the Chapel at Inverary*, by the same artist, is of a very different nature, but is quite appropriate to the character. We think Mr. Morton's *Don Quixote and Sancho* (No. 328) is too much crowded and sprinkled with accessories, which, in a great measure, destroy the breadth that he has so well preserved in his other performances.

No. 404. *A Gondolier, sketched at Venice.* J. F. Lewis.—There seems to be something in the nature of Venetian costume and scenery which invariably induces all those who treat such subjects to impart to them a tone of colouring correspondent with that which pervades what is known by the name of “The Venetian School.” Mr. Lewis's Gondolier is a broadly and spiritedly painted specimen of that bold and picturesquely clad character.

No. 348. *Mandeville saved from fanatical Assassins.* W. Thomas.—The height at which this picture is placed prevents us from judging of its merits in point of execution; but its composition and character seem to evince considerable talent in the artist for historical and similar subjects.

No. 94. *Castle of Indolence.* F. P. Stephanoff.—This can be considered only as a sketch. Being well assured of Mr. Stephanoff's capacity to produce something more worthy of his powers from this beautiful and descriptive poem of the author of the “Seasons,” (abounding as it does with the most striking and splendid varieties of scenery and character,) we cannot omit the opportunity of recommending it to the more particular notice and study of so distinguished an artist.

No. 33. *The Parting of Hector and Andromache.* Douglas Guest.—The management of half-length groups is attended with considerable difficulty; but in the present instance the artist has accomplished the arrangement of his figures in such a way as to present a clever and classic composition.

No. 376. *Reading the Fifth Act of the Manuscript.* Theodore Lane.—Our acquaintance with the works of this artist commenced with his “An hour before the Duel;” in the conception and execution of which we considered him highly successful. We do not mean by this remark to imply that the present performance is a failure; yet, although the subject certainly admits of humour, the humour appears to us to be in this instance overcharged, and to approach closely to caricature. Neither do we think that the scene,—a wretched garret,—is judicious and appropriate; for, although the “Calamities of Authors” are not, and probably never will be, at an end, they generally, by some means or other, contrive in the present day to carry on the war in more comfortable habitations. Our principal objection, however, to the interior chosen is, that its form by no means assists the composition. Mr. Lane's other performance, No. 129. *Too many Cooks spoil the Broth*, whatever merit it may possess in colouring, effect, and execution, is one on which we cannot dwell for a moment. Cruelty, whether inflicted by man or by brute, is a very unfit subject for mirth.

No. 6. *The Young Draught Players.* No. 11. *The Dancing Dog.* Wm. Gill.—This young



artist maintains the high reputation of his pencil for truth of character and fidelity of representation. In speaking of some of Mr. Gill's former works, we noticed what appeared to us to be the too great obscurity of his backgrounds. In the present instances he seems to have availed himself of the hint.

No. 12. *The Whist Party*. No. 18. "*List, ye Landsmen, all to me.*" John Knight.—Mr. Knight possesses talents of no ordinary rank as a painter of subjects in familiar life. There is a fluency of pencil, a mellowness of tone, and a chiaroscuro truly Flemish, in his pictures, which give them great value. Still, however, he seems to us to want more of the individuality, and consequently of the variety, of nature, both in his figures and in his accessories.

No. 132. *A Study, in a Vandyke Dress*. H. Wyatt.—Of its kind, we do not think that there is a finer picture in the present Exhibition. With the exception of Dobson, none of Vandyke's imitators have been more successful.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Interior of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, London.* Painted by John Harwood; engraved by William Woolnoth. Published by John Harwood.

With no pretension to higher qualities than simplicity and clearness, this is a bold, luminous, and well-engraved representation of a portion of our noble metropolitan cathedral. The introduction of the procession of the installation of the present Bishop of Winchester to the deanery of St. Paul's is very appropriate.

*The Pug-ists. Time!!!* Engraved by C. Turner, from a picture by J. Bristow. Colnaghi.

Mr. Turner has done full justice to the merits of the whimsical original; a notice of which has already appeared in the *Literary Gazette*. The expression of the various parties is admirably preserved; and in no instance more so than in the anxious phiz of one of the seconds of the vanquished combatant, who seems to have himself lost an "ogle" in some fray of a similar nature.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## THE SHIP OF HEAVEN.

A Dream.

'Tis day—but sun or sky  
No human eye may see;  
Like a mighty shroud the heavy air  
Hangs dim and drearily.

'Tis day—yet on the rock  
The falcon sits forlorn,  
Expecting, cold and restlessly,  
The coming of the morn.

A ray, as of the sun,  
Flashes along the deep;  
And, hark! dull whispers of the blast,  
Through the old forest sweep.

Yet all looks calm, as hush'd  
By some magician's wand:  
It is no sun that lights the deep—  
No blast that sweeps the land!

Like mountains that have been  
By ancient tempests riven,  
Opens in wild sublimity  
The lofty arch of heaven!

The giant clouds dissolve  
Mysteriously away—  
As darkness melts to radiance,  
Before the power of day.

Innumerable beams  
Of variegated light  
Burst from that everlasting sphere  
Upon my tranced sight!

Temples of living fire,  
Mild as the lunar ray—  
Fountains that overflow with stars,  
Shine up the open way.

Suddenly from the vault,  
Like lightning when storms rave,  
A bow of atmospheric hues  
Spans the vast heaven and wave!

A Ship!—a heavenly Ship!  
Her sails are clouds of snow,  
Fine as we've seen the moon shine through  
On pleasant eves below.

From the miraculous lift  
She takes her beauteous flight—  
Now lanching on the tide of air,  
Speeds down the waves of light!

Gushes the trumpet's breath  
With organ melody:  
And at the sound, ten thousand shapes  
Spring from the groaning sea!

The sea gives up its dead!  
Its brave, its honour'd dead!  
Their thronging footsteps press the deck,  
But soundless is their tread.

The aged and wither'd brow—  
The stately and the fair—  
The warrior-knight and lowly hind—  
The prince and slave—meet there!

They gaze on me with eyes  
That evermore dilate,  
As if with the thin gelid air  
Engross'd! incorporate!

Their forms glide like star-rays  
Upon a rapid stream;  
Pale, shadowy, changeful,—still in all  
Identical they seem!

Again the Ship of Heaven  
Her wondrous path doth take;  
Silently she moves o'er the sea—  
Her vast stern leaves no wake!

Vain is my wish to move;  
A ponderous column, bound  
With demon-chains upon my breast,  
Confines me to the ground.

Vain is my hope to speak;  
Language denies the power  
To tell the bitter agony—  
The terror of this hour.

'Tis past!.....back to my heart  
The fever'd blood springs now,  
And the illusions of dark sleep  
Fast leave my aching brow.

C. SWAIN.

## BIOGRAPHY.

## MR. HENRY NEELE.

"He claims some record on the roll of Fame,  
And Rumour for a season learns his name,  
And Sorrow knows the prison where he lies—  
Mortality's cold signet on him set."

Neele: *Spectator*, 1826.

HENRY NEELE, son of the late respectable map and heraldic engraver, was born January 29, 1798, at the house of his father in the Strand. His parents soon afterwards settled at Kentish Town, where Henry was sent to school as a daily boarder. The academy wherein he imbibed all the instruction he possessed previous to his entrance into life, did not offer much towards the attainment of a liberal education. The writer of this slight sketch, Mr. Neele's contemporary (although his senior), recollects making many a willing, though painful

effort, to encounter Greek, but all in vain—(such was the barbarous system pursued there); and passing through, as the phrase was, the best Latin poets, without being taught to scan, or dreaming that there was the slightest difference betwixt Latin poetry and prose. The French language (a solitary exception) was taught grammatically by an able, zealous, and conscientious *émigré*, who, previous to the French revolution, possessed the right of grinding all the corn in his *seigneurie*, and who continued his occupation in grinding the seeds of knowledge into the sullen capacities of his pupils. Henry Neele, therefore, left school, possessing, as Dr. Johnson would say, little Latin, and scarcely any Greek, but capable of reading and enjoying the best French writers. He added afterwards, by his own unassisted efforts, some acquaintance with Italian literature. If, at this font of learning, Greek and Latin were partially imbibed, the "well" of English poetry or prose was wholly "undefiled" by students' lips. There prevailed an absurd notion, that English was best taught through the medium of the Latin Grammar; and Lindley Murray was voted useless. The theme—that ordinary resource for puzzling a juvenile brain—would have equally puzzled the master's; and whatever other sins were committed in the sacred groves around, the sin of poesy was not among the number. The only delinquent, within the writer's memory, was Neele. He displayed no extraordinary application to study, no talent for mathematical or other science,—but he evinced an early inclination for poetry; and he wrote, at that period, unnoticed but not unnoticed, verses which would bear a comparison with those of the most precious poet on record. His genius was purely lyrical, and Collins was his chief model. The *Ode to Enthusiasm* (the earliest of his printed poems) contains more natural images, and natural expression, than are ordinarily found in the productions of a boy of fifteen. Neele's father, a man of fair natural talents, had the discernment to perceive, and the good taste to encourage, his son's genius. The *Odes* and other Poems, published in 1817, were printed at his expense.

On quitting school, Mr. Neele was articled to an attorney; and though at times he "penned a stanza when he should engross," he nevertheless, we believe, did not neglect the opportunities afforded of obtaining experience in his profession. At a later period, he practised as a solicitor in Great Blenheim Street.

In 1821, the *Odes* and Poems were reprinted, with a frontispiece, and attracted much notice from Dr. Drake and other critics of repute. Our author then began to be sought after by booksellers, and became a regular contributor to *Magazines*, *Forget-Me-Nots*, &c. &c.

The great success that had attended the *Dramatic Scenes* of Barry Cornwall gave rise to the composition of Poems, *Dramatic* and *Miscellaneous*, published in 1823. Mr. Neele had evidently no talent for dramatic poetry. His *Dramatic Sketches* contain many beautiful images, and much pure and excellent sentiment; but the personages rather improvise than converse. They are efforts of the mind or the imagination,—but not effusions of the heart. Other and greater imitators of this style have failed. Halidon Hill does no credit to the Author of *Waverley*; and we recollect to have read an avowal of Lord Byron's, that, with all his ambition, he felt he could not succeed as a dramatist. He coquetted with the town in the publication of his *Dramas*, and was less sore that they had been forced

on the stage than that they had been condemned by a mixed audience.

The Miscellaneous Poems in this second volume are written with more attempt at polish than his earlier productions, but are very beautiful specimens of his genius, especially the Songs. We have a melancholy pleasure in transcribing the following from the Fragments, which close the volume:—

"That which makes women vain, has taught my heart  
A deeper lesson; and my weary spirit  
Looks on this painted gay, but as the night garb  
Which the soul wears while slumbering here on earth,  
And, at its waking, gladly throws aside,  
For brighter ornaments."

If our author could not excel in dramatic poetry, he had a keen perception of dramatic excellence in others. He studied minutely the productions of (what is termed) the Elizabethan age, and was an enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare. He pleased himself with composing a series of Lectures on the works of the great Bard, and undertook (in 1819) a pilgrimage to his shrine. His *compagnon de voyage* (Mr. Britton, the antiquary) read one of those lectures, at the Town Hall of Stratford, to a numerous audience; and the produce of the tickets (about ten pounds) was presented to a public charity at Stratford. Mr. Britton possesses the MS. of these Lectures. Poured forth with rapidity and apparent carelessness, they are yet acute, discriminative, and eloquent; they abound in illustration, and display considerable powers of humour. Mr. Neele shewed on this, as on other occasions, that the cultivation of poetical talent is no impediment to the acquisition of a nervous and perspicuous style in prose composition.

In the winter of 1826 Mr. Neele completed a series of Lectures on the English Poets, from Chaucer to the present period. These Lectures he read at the Russell, and afterwards at the Western Institution. They are described by one who heard them as "displaying a high tone of poetical feeling in the lecturer, and an intimate acquaintance with the beauties and blemishes of the great subjects of his criticism." The public prints mentioned them in terms of approbation; and profit, as well as praise, accrued to our author by this undertaking.

At the commencement of the present year appeared his Romance of History, in three vols. dedicated to the King. This production greatly enhanced Mr. Neele's fame as a writer of a higher order than the mere contributor to periodical publications. The object of the author was to prove, as his motto stated, that

"Truth is strange—  
Stranger than fiction;"

and that tomes of romance need not alone be ransacked for the marvellous incident. His compilation embraces tales of every age from the Conquest to the Reformation, extracted from the chronicles and more obscure sources of historical information. As a book of instruction, it is invaluable to readers who cannot be persuaded to sit down to the perusal of history in a legitimate form; for each tale is preceded by a chronological summary of the events referred to, arranged in a brief and accurate form. The narratives themselves are highly attractive, teeming with interest, and interspersed with lively and characteristic dialogue. The idea was a happy one, and capable of almost boundless extent. The early history of France, of Spain, of Italy, would have furnished fresh materials, and the excitement would have been renewed at every recurrence to the novel habits of a fresh people. The author had begun to avail himself of this

advantage: he had commenced a second series of Romances, founded on the history of France. Known and appreciated, he was beginning to rear his head as a lion of the day. His Poetical Works had been collected, in two vols. with a portrait; but, alas!

"Scarce had their fame been whispered round,  
Before its shrill and mournful sound  
Was whistling o'er (his) tomb:  
Scarce did the laurel 'gin to grow  
Around (his) early honoured brow,  
Before its grateful bloom  
Was changed to cypress, sear and brown,  
Whose garlands mock the head they crown."  
*Neele's Odes.*

The unfortunate subject of our memoir was found dead in his bed, on Thursday the 7th instant, with too certain tokens of self-destruction. He had exhibited symptoms of derangement the day previous. It is neither our purpose nor our wish to inquire into the cause of this aberration of intellect. The most probable is, incessant application to studious pursuits preying upon a system nervous even to irritability.

"Ah! noblest minds  
Sink soonest into rula, like a tree  
That with the weight of its own golden fruitage  
Is bent down to the dust."  
*H. N. (The Mourner, 1820.)*

Mr. Neele was short in stature—of appearance rather humble and unprepossessing; but his large expanse of forehead and the fire of his eye betokened mind and imagination; and whatever unfavourable impressions were occasioned by his first address were speedily effaced by the intelligence and good-humour which a few minutes' conversation with him elicited. His manners were bland and affable; his disposition free, open, and generous. He was naturally of a convivial turn, and enjoyed the society of men of kindred talent. That enjoyment, perhaps, brought with it indulgence of another kind. It is easy for "fat, contented ignorance" to sneer at such failings; but the candid and ingenious inquirer, estimating the strain of intellect which produces works that render men immortal, can readily comprehend that the relaxation of such gifted beings may not always be adapted to the sober simplicity of sages. The life of a man of letters is by no means an enviable one. "I persuade no man," says Owen Feltham, "to make meditation his life's whole business. *We have bodies as well as souls.*" Happy, if "the mind too finely wrought," which

"Preys on itself, and is o'erpowered by thought,"

can find alleviation in the momentary folly of the table, and sink not in despair, nor fly to the refuge of a premature grave.\*

T. S. M.

\* We are under obligation to a friend for the foregoing sketch; and should have been sorry that the unfortunate subject of it had gone to his untimely grave without some memorial of him in our pages. Of the amenity of his disposition and the kindness of his heart, we had ourselves many opportunities of judging; and we felt accordingly the dismal catastrophe which closed his mortal career. We are afraid to think that the idea of self-destruction must have been long familiar to his imagination; yet it seems to have influenced several of his poetical effusions. So long ago as in Mr. Ackermann's *Forget-Me-Not* for 1836, the following composition from his pen appeared; and though it was ably responded to by the Editor in the same volume, it is painful to reflect on the state of morbid sensibility which must have inspired it:—

"Suns will set, and moons will wane,  
Yet they rise and wax again;  
Trees, that have winter's storms subdue,  
Their leafy livery renew:  
Ebb and flow is ocean's lot;  
But Man lies down and rises not:  
Heaven and earth shall pass away,  
Ere shall wake his slumbering clay.  
Vessels but to heavens steer;  
Paths denote a resting near;  
Rivers flow into the main;  
Ice-falls rest upon the plain;

## DRAMA.

### KING'S THEATRE.

If the present management of the King's Theatre can boast of nothing else, it can at least boast of activity and variety. Six different operas in nearly as many nights! Quite an *era in op-er-a* annals. The *Roses*, not drawing, are to be withdrawn, and to be succeeded by the *Clemenza*, for the *début* of Madame Schutz, on Tuesday. The scores of several new operas have been written for.

The *Roses*, a pleasing opera, contains music of an agreeable but monotonous and unsatisfactory character, which we are well content to hear once, but would not care to have repeated: it is not sufficing. To be sure, it brings forward Pasta, but even *she* cannot turn all dross to gold. No; it deserves the fate it has met with. Caradori, whose indisposition we had to lament the first time of the representation of the new opera, sang with exquisite taste and true feminine grace and feeling.

The ballets continue unchanged. By the way, we regret that our inadvertence in not carrying our *lorgnette* with us on a former occasion led us into mistaking another individual for *Boisgerard*, (a favourite of ours,) whom we rebuked for faults uncommitted by him. Who the old peasant is, we know not, neither care, seeing that his performance was execrable.

### DRURY LANE.

A MUSICAL entertainment, in three acts, called *Juan's Early Days*, and founded on the first six cantos of Lord Byron's wild but splendid poem, was produced here on Monday evening. The principal incidents are, of course, Juan's intrigue with Julia; his shipwreck on a Greek island; his amour with the "young Haide;" his being "sold to slavery;" and his introduction to the seraglio of the sultan. As Lord Byron himself might have found some difficulty in ultimately disposing of his "amusing vagabond," it would be unfair, perhaps, to require a satisfactory conclusion at the hands of Mr. Milner; though we fear parliament may be inclined to question whether the rowing of an English man-of-war's boat through the Dardanelles, and pouring a volley of musket-shot into the grand signior's private apartments, be in strict accordance with the treaty of the 6th of July. We understand, that upon the first night of performance, some little disapprobation was manifested at the curtain's suddenly falling upon this "untoward event;" but upon the evening we saw it (Thursday), the piece, as well as the pieces, went off without opposition. Of the writing, we cannot say much; but, with the exception of the last scene, the drama is not badly constructed. Miss Love plays the amorous Don with much vivacity, and sings the snatches of old and new airs (the latter, by the way, exceedingly pretty) with great sweetness and spirit. Mrs. Orger and Harley make the most of two very poor parts; and Ellen Tree (we cannot, for the life of us, spoil the name by putting "Miss" to it), looked the very, unsophisticated, "beloved and fair Haide," of the noble poet's imagination. Webster was

The final end of all is known;  
Man to darkness goes alone;  
Cloud, and doubt, and mystery,  
Hide his future destiny.

Nile, whose waves their boundries burst,  
Slakes the torrid desert's thirst;  
Dew, descending on the hills,  
Life in Nature's veins instils;  
Show'rs, that on the parch'd meads fall,  
Their faded loveliness recall;  
Man alone sheds tears of pain,  
Weeps, but ever weeps in vain."

amusing, in a weak copy of Mungo. Mrs. Geesin, Mrs. C. Jones, Mr. J. Russel. Mr. Brown, and the rest of the performers, did all that could be done with the slight materials entrusted to them; for, with the exception of *Don Juan*, no character has twenty lines to sing or say in the whole piece. *Juan's Early Days*, like its rival at the Adelphi, may last a dozen nights—but we do not think much longer.

Next week, Mr. Price, we hear, intends bringing out the *Poor Gentleman*, with a very strong cast of the parts, as the commencement of a series of revived comedies belonging to our later school, supported with similar power. On the present occasion, with Mathews, Jones, Liston, Downton, Cooper, Mrs. Davison (as *Lucretia Maatub*), and the pretty Ellen Tree, as the heroine, there can be no doubt of a prosperous issue.

## COVENT GARDEN.

"HARRY to Harry, and Horse to Horse!" Mr. Milner rushes over Waterloo Bridge, to "Drury Lane"—and Mr. Moncrieff gallops over Blackfriars, to "Covent Garden." The champion of the Coburg flings down his gauntlet, in the shape of an "operatic extravaganza;" and he of the Surrey answers the challenge, by the production of what the bills call "an entertainment." *The Somnambulist, or the Phantom of the Village*, is a translation of *La Somnambule Villagnoise*,—a notice of which appeared in our last *Gazette*. Done into very equivocal English, and deprived of its pretty music, the somewhat improbable, but elegant and interesting French vaudeville becomes a dull, common-place melo-drama, rendered bearable only by the powerful acting of Miss Kelly, and the irresistible humour of Keeley. Mrs. Davenport, Miss Goward, Wrench, and Meadows, have nothing to do that is worthy of them; and Mr. Diddier, unfortunately, has much more to do than he manages to do well. We have a word of advice to give this gentleman, which we hope he will take in the way we really mean it—kindly. With more than ordinary qualifications for filling a highly respectable situation on the London boards, Mr. Diddier, if he does not immediately perceive and correct his fault, will sink into the very lowest business, "never to rise again." His performance of *Edmund Beauchamp* was the most tiresome, prosing piece of work we ever had the misfortune to witness: he drawled and mouthed alternately, till we really trembled for the jaws of our neighbours. For Heaven's sake, let him amend this, while he may, or abandon the stage at once for the conventicle. It can, surely, be no difficulty for a man who possesses a good and tolerably powerful voice, to use it a little more briskly. Let him "speak the speech trippingly upon the tongue;" for, certainly, as he mouths it at present, were we to write a play, we should, like Hamlet, "rather than the town-crier should speak our words." We repeat, if he does not alter this, and instantly, nothing can save him. The acting of the other performers obtained a favourable reception for the piece, and will, perhaps, ensure it a tolerable run.

The Oratorio selection, announced for last night at Covent Garden (too late for us), boasted great strength. Pasta, Paton, and Braham, grace the vocal list.

At the Lyceum, Mr. Bartley also commenced his *Astronomical Lectures*. These deservedly popular and very useful entertainments will

lose none of their attractions by being given in the beautiful theatre as altered by the taste of Mr. Beazley for the French Plays.

## VARIETIES.

*Wire-Bridge*.—A suspension wire-bridge has been constructed over the Charente, at Jarnac, a small town in the west of France.

*Cantharides*.—The insect in which the highest degree of the blistering quality exists is a species of coleoptera, of the genus *mylaber*; very nearly that which has received from Linnaeus the name of the plant on the flower of which it is to be found—the endive. From certain passages in Pliny, it appears that this is precisely the species to which the Romans gave the name of *cantharis*, borrowed from the Greek. *Dioscorides* establishes the same fact.

*French Expedition*.—We are sorry to state that accounts have been received from the French expedition under the command of Capt. Durville, dated at Tonga-Tabou, one of the Friendly Islands, by which it appears that the *Astrolabe* has been nearly wrecked by a violent tempest, which drove her on the rocks. Although she was got off, it was with the loss of most of her anchors and cables; and she is in so shattered a state, that great apprehensions are entertained for her safety in that sea of coral shoals.

*Monument to Mr. Canning*.—Nearly ten thousand pounds having been subscribed, almost without an effort on the part of the originators of this truly national design, a meeting of the subscribers was held a few days ago, at which it was determined to appoint a Committee of Management for carrying it into execution. Many of the highest names in Great Britain adorn this grateful list; and it seems to us now only necessary to convoke a public meeting to take the sense of the country on what is due to the memory of our lost and lamented Patriot Minister.

*English Manufactures*.—In some branches of trade it would appear either that erroneous notions prevail amongst us, or that we are unacquainted with the component details, though they, in fact, constitute more of the value of our intercourse with foreign nations than the finished commodities. Thus, we believe that the mass of *French watches* are virtually manufactured in England, and that Glasgow and Manchester supply a vast quantity of the goods which are sold as home-made in the low countries. We are led to these remarks by having just seen, at Mr. Lewis's, in St. James's Street, a magnificent service of plate, made in London, for Paris. Here, then, is an export of the price of some five or six thousand pounds, and of an article which we had no idea was sent across the channel: on the contrary, we thought that not only jewellery, but a large amount of knick-knacks, in gold and silver, were all brought from France to England. It is pleasing to find that there are some reciprocities. With regard to this superb service itself, it is to be seen by others, as by ourselves, at the manufacturer's, and is well worth an inspection for its splendour and beauty.

*Landed Estates in Heaven*.—The charter of the foundation of the Abbey of Signy, in Champagne, states, in express terms, that St. Bernard promised as many acres in heaven as should be given on earth to the abbey.

*Theatrical Stars*.—One of these great modern constellations, the other evening, in the green-room, said to a poor ill-starred author—"Entre nous, don't you think tip-top histrionic talent, like mine, is badly paid at 30*l.* a

night?" "Certainly," replied the irritated play-wright; "for consider your medical expenses." "My medical expenses!" exclaimed Roscius. "Ay; *entre nous*," rejoined young Sir Fretful, "consider the colds and agues caught by playing to empty houses!"

*A Compliment*.—A Frenchman who had learnt English wished to be particularly polite, and never neglected an opportunity of saying something pretty. One evening he observed to Lady R., whose dress was fawn-coloured, and that of her daughter pink—"Milady, your daughter is the pink of beauty." "Ah, Monsieur, you Frenchmen always flatter." "No, madam, I only do speak the truth, and what all the world will allow, that your daughter is the pink, and your ladyship the *drab* of fashion!" It was with great difficulty the Frenchman could be made to comprehend his *sottise*.

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Banin has in preparation a new Irish novel, called the *Croppy*, or *Orange and Green*.

Mrs. Jameson has also a new novel nearly ready; the name, we believe, *Durand*.

The Pleasant History of Frier Ruah will form the Twelfth Part of Mr. W. J. Thoms's Series of Early Prose Romances.

A Series of Forty-Eight Plates of Shipping and Craft, accurately Drawn from the Objects, and Etched by Edward William Cooke, under the superintendence of George Cooke, is preparing for publication.

*In the Press*.—Tales for My Young Friends, translated from the French of M. Bouilly.—No. 1. of a Series of Etchings, entitled *Odds and Ends*, from the Portfolio of a Young Artist.—Annotations on the Apocrypha, &c. and a Vindication of it from the Objections of the late Professor J. D. Michælis, by John Chappel Woodhouse, D.D. Dean of Lichfield and Coventry.—The Impious Feast, a Poem, by Robert Landor.—A New Edition of Poetry of the Anti-Jacobins.—Conversations, chiefly on the Religious Sentiments expressed in Madame de Staël's Germany, by Mary Ann Kelly.—The Naturalist's Journal, by the Hon. Daines Barrington.—A Brief Inquiry into the Prospects of the Christian Church, in connexion with the Second Advent of our Lord Jesus Christ, by the Hon. and Rev. Gerard Noel.—Sermons, by the Rev. James Proctor, A.M.—Researches in South Africa, by the Rev. John Philip, D.D. Superintendent of the Mission of the London Missionary Society in South Africa, &c.—The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Romans, with an Introduction, Paraphrase, and Notes, by C. H. Terrot, A.M.—A Translation of Conde's History of the Dominion of the Arabs and Moors in Spain and Portugal,—from the French of M. de Marle.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Dunlop's Roman Literature, Vol. III. 8vo. 16*s.* 6*d.*—Stewart on Tendency to Disease, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*—Brown's Philosophy of the Mind, 8vo. 1*s.* 1*d.*—Rankine on Railways, &c. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*—Burgess on the Via Appia, crown 8vo. 9*s.* 6*d.*—Brand's Fables of Definite Proportions, 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.*—Lady's Monitor, 12mo. 6*s.* 6*d.*—Von Valentin's Reflections on Turkey, 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.*—Private Memoirs of Sir H. Digby, 8vo. 14*s.*—Mansell on Demurrer, 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.*—Somers's Reformation, Vol. IV. 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.*—Tegg's Chronology, 1828, 6*s.*—Bridge's Annals of Jamaica, 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.*—Smyth's Sketch of Sardinia, 8vo. 16*s.* 6*d.*—Hazlitt's History of Napoleon, Vols. I. and II. 8vo. 1*s.* 10*d.*—Hutten's Manual of Physiology, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*—Robson's Cities, medium 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.*—Imperial 4to. 8*s.*—Darville's Treatise on the Race Horse, 8vo. 1*s.* 1*d.*—Canning's Speeches, 6 vols. 8vo. 3*s.* 12*d.*—Annesley's Diseases of India and Warm Climates generally, imperial 4to. Vol. I. 7*s.* 6*d.*

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are informed that the Variety in our last, entitled *Intercourse in Sweden*, is not, strictly speaking, from a Swedish work, but from a German one of Travels in Sweden, by Mr. Schubert; which was reviewed in No. 1. of the Foreign Quarterly Review.

The rhyme of rings with *begin* is fatal to the Elves' Dance.

The declared purpose of Turkey to wage a desperate war against her assailants, will give an additional interest this week to our first article of Review.

For various strong reasons, we are induced to defer our further remarks on the Architectural and other Improvements of the Metropolis.

The notice of Mr. Berry's *Heraldry*, sent as a literary paragraph, is a long advertisement.

Somebody, whose address is 150, Borough, must sign a name which we can read, if that somebody expects an answer.

We have learned that the ungracious and quaint notes in pp. 33 and 61 of the Creation of the World, attributed in our last Number to the Editor (as well as all the other notes), are not his, but that they are copied from Mr. Jordan's MS. of 1811.



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